'WONDER WHAT THEY ARE UP TO, OVER THERE IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE?'

One month of 1940 has completed its course, and now at the beginning of February these men of the B.E.F. are still waiting for the great offensive which the Germans have threatened so long and so often. As far as their eyes can see, the countryside is covered with snow and held fast in frost's tenacious grip. The weather is hardly such as would favour the movement of vast masses of men and mechanized armament, but you never can tell, and so the watch on the enemy lines does not slacken for a moment.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

'Messages from Molotov' for the Finns

Once again the Finns may look back on a week of victory at the front, but behind the lines the Red 'planes have wreaked their fury unchecked. In the air, Molotov—the Finns have come to see in the Soviet Premier the principal instigator of the war—has had it all his own way.

This gallant old Finnish officer has rejoined the Army to do his part in driving back the invaders. As his armlet shows, he is with the garrison of Oulu.

to the genial sun which will draw from out of the frozen earth the buds of spring, the Finns are dreading that same season, for then the Russians, hampered no longer by natural obstacles, will be able to launch on the heads of a devoted little people all the vast and terrible machinery of modern war.

Even now, however, though the invaders have made little progress, and all their frontal attacks have been beaten back with heavy loss—on Feb. 5 the Finns reported that the Russian 18th Division, of 15,000 to 20,000 men, had been almost entirely destroyed near Lake Ladoga, and that the fresh onslaught on the Mannerheim Line had been repulsed—their bombers have been able to reach behind the front and have left behind them a long trail of death and destruction. Day after day and week after week the raids continue, for the Finnish Air Force is not yet large enough to cope

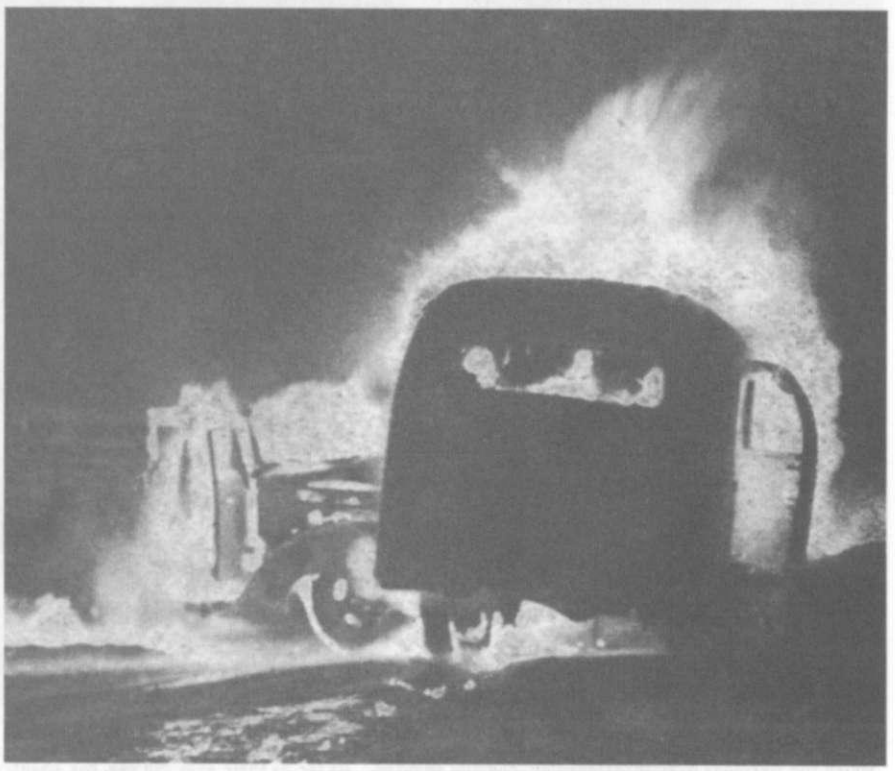
A Finnish soldier is reading a Government poster warning the people that careless talk may help the enemy. The padlocked lips emphasize the point with dramatic force.

Defences such as this have been the undoing of the Soviet Army so far. The scene is on the Salla front, where the Russians made desperate attempts to cut Finland's "waist."

WINTER'S grip on Finland is approaching its maximum of intensity. In October the mantle of snow and ice began to creep slowly but inexorably southward from the Arctic, and by December all the rivers and the ten thousand lakes of the little country were icebound. The roads and forest tracks have long since been obliterated by the snow; the railways have been kept open only with difficulty. The coasts have been fringed with solid ice, and ice-packs and floes cover the waters that separate Finland from Sweden on the one side and Estonia on the other.

February is usually the coldest month in Finland, and from now until May the fast-deepening snow drifts may be expected to hamper the activities of the ski-soldiers, while the movement of most of the mechanized transport will be halted altogether.

Even when the thaw sets in—it may be expected to begin some time in March—mobility will be hampered by the soft snow and the floods and swampy conditions which will ensue. While the people of other lands are looking forward



Here is a road crash just behind the Petsamo front in Finland. On the icy surface a motor-omnibus skidded and came into collision with a lorry carrying a field-gun and ammunition. The vehicles burst into a sheet of flame, but an officer and two privates risked being burned to death in an attempt to save the precious load. *Photos, Planet News*

But They Know Well How to Make Reply

This photograph of a Russian patrol surrendering to the Finns on the Northern Front was taken by a Finnish officer. Most of the men have already thrown away their rifles, and all look as if they are welcoming the approach of their captors. At the time the temperature was 30 degrees below zero—62 degrees of frost—yet some of the Russians have no covering for their hands and all were reported to be poorly clad.

Photo. Associated Press

When the Soviet invasion of Finland began the Finns destroyed every building in the war zone that could give shelter to the enemy, so the Russians built huts of pine saplings, a quite inadequate protection. Here we see one of these flimsy constructions on the Petsamo front after the Russians had been driven back. Many of the huts had been mined by the retreating army, so the Finnish soldiers are approaching with caution what may be a booby-trap.

Photo, Planet News

Bombs by the Thousand on Finland's People

This shattered ruin—no "military objective" as claimed by the Soviet—is a Dutch consulate in a town of north-west Finland on which a Russian bomb has dropped. *Photo, Planet News*

with attacks delivered over so vast an area and by such a multitude of 'planes. In the week ended Feb. 3, 141 localities were bombed, some nine times in a single day ; 6,800 bombs were dropped, and the casualties were 145 civilians killed and 179 injured. The material damage, too, was enormous.

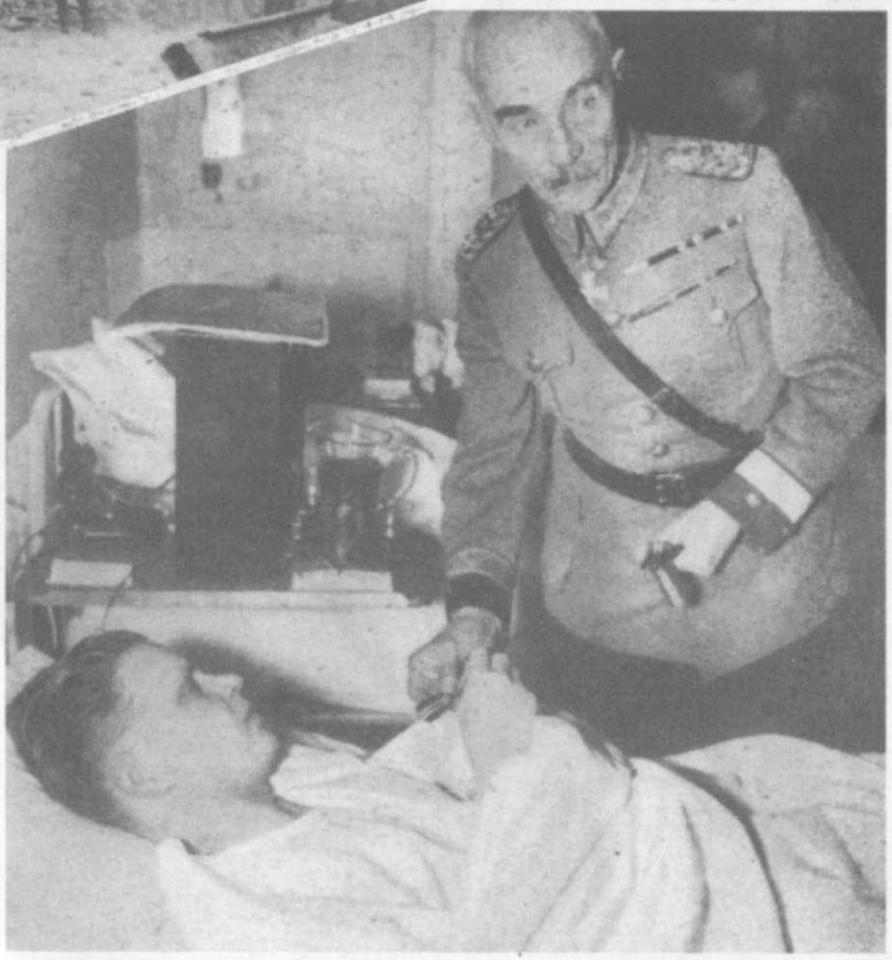
Four hundred bombs were dropped in the course of Sunday, Feb. 4, on Viipuri (Viborg), and although only ten people were reported killed and 30 wounded, scores of buildings were set on fire by the incendiary bombs. The cathedral—where a bomb blew to pieces the image of Christ on the Cross that hung over the transept—four of the principal banks, and a number of blocks of flats were all badly damaged, and for a time the telegraphs and telephones were out of action.

In Viipuri on that Sunday of Red Terror was Mr. William Forrest, Special Correspondent of the "News Chronicle," and from his account we may learn something of what it means to be bombed many times in the course of a single day.

When the first raiders came over early in the morning, the maid who brought in his coffee remarked as she pulled aside the curtains that it was "a fine day for Molotov," and, sure enough, in a few minutes he was running to the nearest shelter, and had just reached the bottom of the first flight of stairs when two bombs made direct hits on a near-by building, and another exploded right at the entrance to the shelter.

"The whole building quivered," he writes. "A shower of masonry filled the shelter entrance ; all lights went out, and for a moment it seemed we were about to be entombed. There were about 100 of us down there, of whom the majority were women. But from them I heard not a single cry of panic. As clouds of dust and smoke cleared a strange form appeared in the shelter entrance. It was a horse, crazed with fright and trying, with what instinct I cannot tell, to get down the stairs. But the sledge he was pulling was too big to allow that and he stuck in the doorway. When we went up to release him we saw the driver lying in the snow behind the sledge, and the snow was red with blood. But he was still alive, and when we had carried him downstairs and had his wounds dressed he was taken off to hospital."

Once he sought in vain for shelter when caught in the streets. "And so



A Finnish general is decorating a private soldier who has distinguished himself at the front. The decoration is the Finnish Cross of Freedom, instituted in 1919 when Finland fought her first fight for national independence.

Photo, Wide World

Denmark's Youth Joins Finland's Ghost Army

These white-clad soldiers carrying their skis over their shoulders are young Danes who have volunteered to help Finland in her hour of dire need. They are marching through Oulu, a Finnish port on the Gulf of Bothnia. The volunteers from her Scandinavian neighbours have been particularly valuable to Finland, for a large proportion of them are expert ski-ers, and soldiers on skis are the Soviet's most feared enemies.

Red 'Liberators' Bring Black Ruin

we huddled in a doorway and took our chance. And when we looked up our fears were put to shame. There were the bombers all right, but, clambering over the rooftops or scaling the walls of burning buildings around us, were little groups of Viipuri's heroic volunteer fire-fighters, calmly carrying on with their work."

The bombers passed to another quarter of the town which had not yet been bombed — the working-class quarter. "Now it was the turn of the 'toiling masses' to receive the message of Molotov, and they got it in the shape of a shower of incendiary bombs.

"Surely," continues Mr. Forrest, "if there was a limit to the endurance of the Finnish people it should have been reached now. But instead of demoralization, all I read on the faces of these men and women was indignation—an indignation

The Finnish town of Suomussalmi is associated with glorious feats of arms performed by the Finnish Army, but today it is little more than a name on the map. Under constant bombing its wooden houses were devoured by flames, and only a few chimneys show where once they stood.
Photo, Associated Press

The smaller maps show the five fronts on which Finland is fighting, while that at the top indicates their position in regard to the whole country. The maps are: (1) the Petsamo front in the Arctic; (2) Salla, and (3) Suomussalmi fronts on Finland's "waist-line"; (4) Lake Ladoga front, and (5) the Mannerheim Line.

One of the Finnish Lotta girls is on duty at an anti-aircraft station on the Northern Front. A temperature many degrees below zero makes her enormous fur coat essential.
Photo, Keystone

of that quality which someone has described as 'implacable, slow and silent, like that of a god.' Does the Kremlin still imagine the Finnish people are waiting to hail the Red Army as deliverers? I wonder."

The raid over, Mr. Forrest made his way through the debris-strewed streets to the railway station—about the only military objective in Viipuri. And it wasn't hit....

Will Hitler Try To Bombard London?

Circumstantial reports suggest that the Germans have perfected an immense gun with more than double the range of the Paris Gun of the last war. While the military value of such a weapon may be negligible, its moral effect cannot be altogether ignored.

"GERMANS Bombard London!" "Shellfire in the City!" Shall we one day hear the newsboys crying such tidings? Is Hitler's secret weapon the father and mother of all big guns—the longest "Long Bertha"—capable of dosing the capital of the British Empire with high explosive?

Fantastic as such a suggestion may sound, it cannot be contemptuously brushed aside as just another attempt to make our flesh creep. Few people in 1918 dreamed that Paris was within range of German guns; yet at seven o'clock in the morning of March 23 the French capital awoke to find enemy shells exploding in its streets. These projectiles, which at first so puzzled the Parisians, were eventually traced to the great gun familiarly known as "Long Bertha," sited near Laon, some 75 miles distant. At such high velocity did the 280-lb. shells of this gun travel that they reached their objective in about 3 mins. 10 secs.

The possibilities of the long-range gun seem to have fascinated the Germans, and even before the advent of the present régime, artillery experts were quietly experimenting with designs for ordnance of yet greater scope and power. This research would now seem to have borne fruit in the shape of a new gun, credited with the enormous range of 155 miles.

As did "Long Bertha," this super-gun must rely for its extraordinary length of range on projecting its shells with terrific velocity into the rarefied air of the stratosphere, where their rate of travel is quintupled. Through this comparative vacuum the shell hurtles nearly 124 miles and rises to a height of 37 miles before gravity overcomes its momentum and draws it almost vertically to earth. To secure the essential muzzle velocity, the gun must have a huge barrel and be elevated at an angle of about 70 degrees, while the shell itself is exceptionally light, being estimated at some 660 lbs., with a calibre of 11·02 inches.

THE GUNS COMPARED

	"*Long Bertha*"	*New Gun*
Barrel	117 ft.	120 ft.
Calibre	8 in.	11·02 in.
Shell	280 lbs.	661 lbs.
Max. height of trajectory	25 m.	37 m.
Range	80 miles	155 miles

What could the Germans do with this unique weapon? Emplaced in the neighbourhood of Cleves, it could shell most of the important Dutch and Belgian cities; but a far more ambitious plan than this is apparently in project. For if the gun were sited on Holland's island of Walcheren, its range of 155 miles would bring London within reach of its destructive powers. But before believing that German shells may fall in Oxford Street or Cheapside, we may take substantial comfort from these reflections:

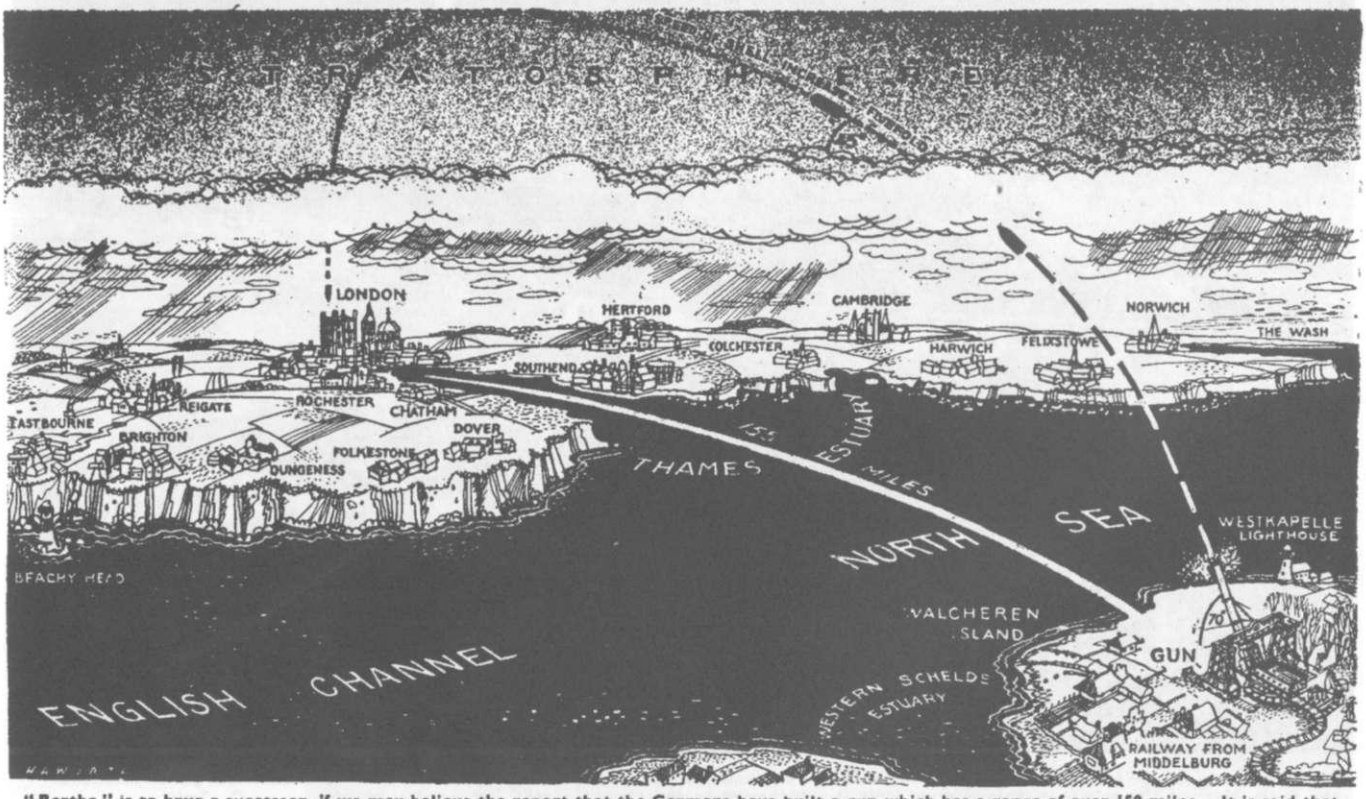
(1) Though twice menaced already, Holland is still inviolate, and is, in the opinion of most good judges, likely to remain so.

(2) "Long Bertha" could at most fire but 50 rounds, so the life of the new gun would be proportionately short.

(3) Its aim is only approximate under ideal conditions, and wind deflection, coupled with the slightest miscalculation in sighting, would render the gun's accuracy almost always extremely doubtful.

From a military standpoint, so unwieldy and erratic a weapon as the new gun appears to be is of little account; though against this valuation we must set Hitler's addiction to the spectacular and unorthodox. For centuries no enemy has laid hands on Britain's capital, and it is not difficult to imagine what devastating play Dr. Goebbels would make with the story that London was at long last at the mercy of German guns.

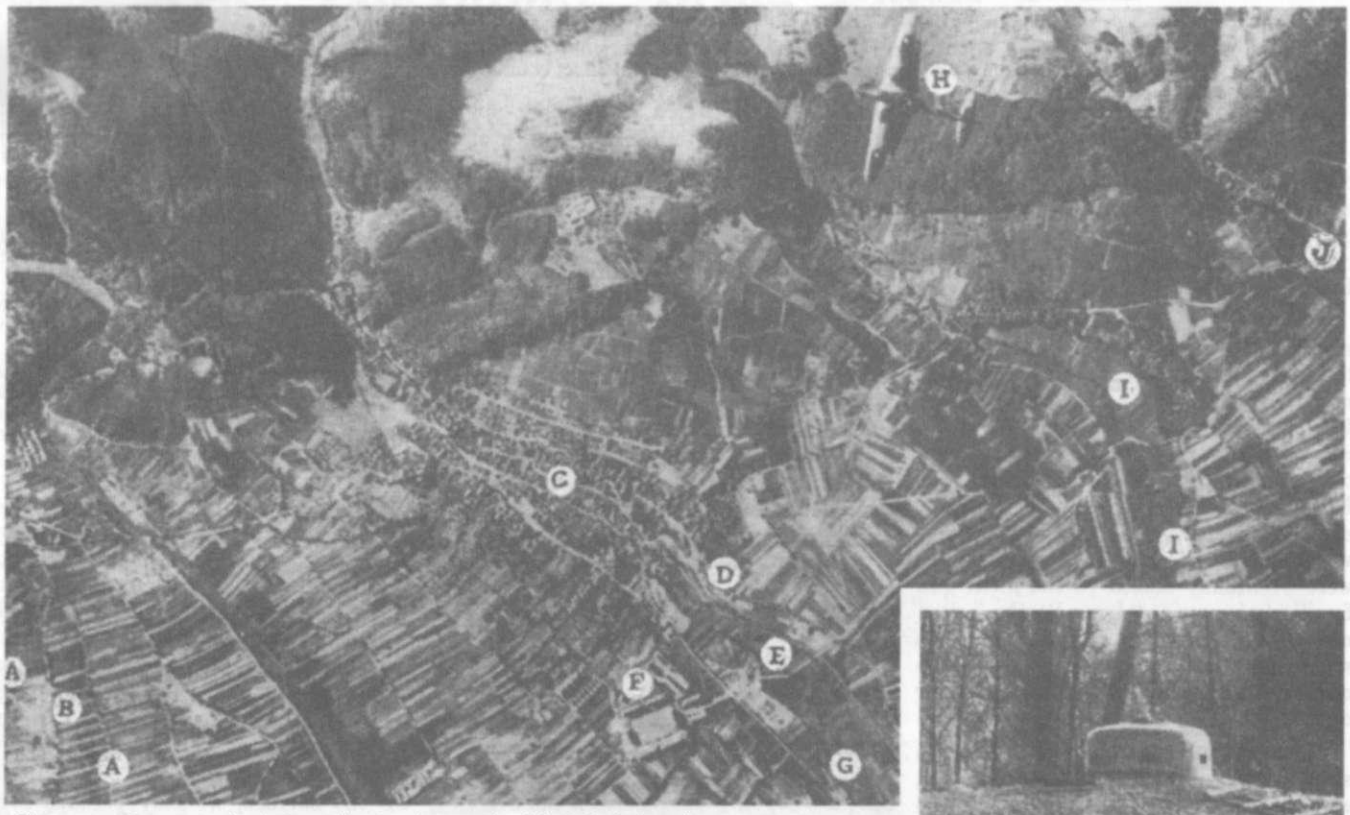
On the balance, we may perhaps say that London has little to fear from the Hitler Gun. But if it does indeed speak to us we shall doubtless reply as the Parisians answered "Long Bertha": "Aha! Old lady! That you? Then the offensive has begun, Citizens!"



"Bertha" is to have a successor, if we may believe the report that the Germans have built a gun which has a range of over 150 miles. It is said that they plan to instal it near the Westkapelle lighthouse on the Dutch island of Walcheren, whence, as may be seen from this drawing, London and much of the south and east coasts of England would be brought within range.

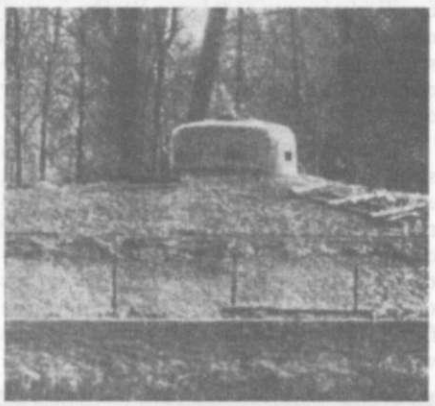
Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

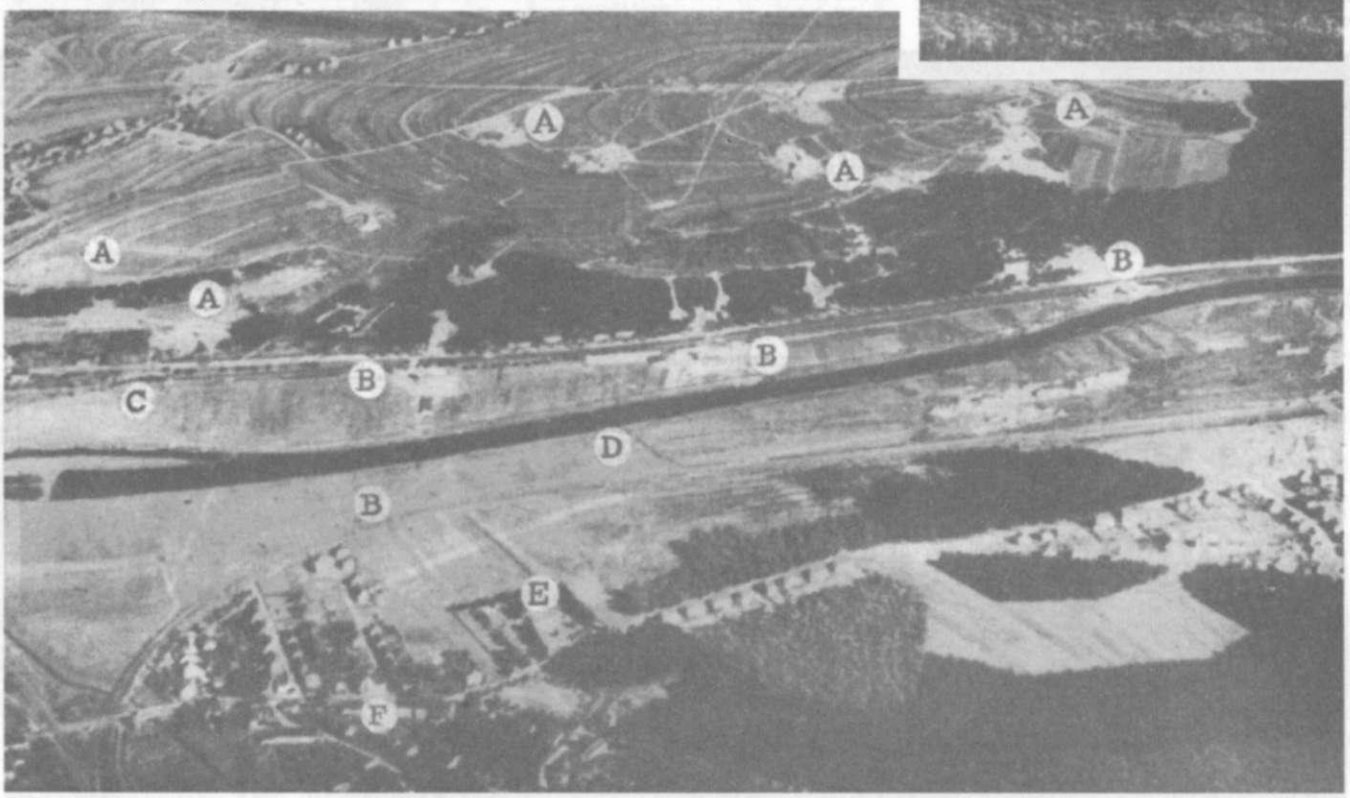
The R.A.F. Know the Secrets of the Siegfried Line



The reconnaissance and photography patrols of the R.A.F. over enemy territory have met with remarkable success, largely owing to the daring of the pilots who have flown at a height of only a few thousand feet. The two recently released photographs in this page show, top, a typical section of the Siegfried Line W. of Karlsruhe, and, below, another near Saarlautern.

A. A buried telephone line
B. Such light patches are M.G. emplacements, etc.
C. Bergzabern. D. Station. E. Main Railway.
F. Barracks and parade ground.
G. Storage unit.
H. R.A.F. Fairey Battle bomber.
I. Patches of cultivated land and stream.
J. Network of roads.



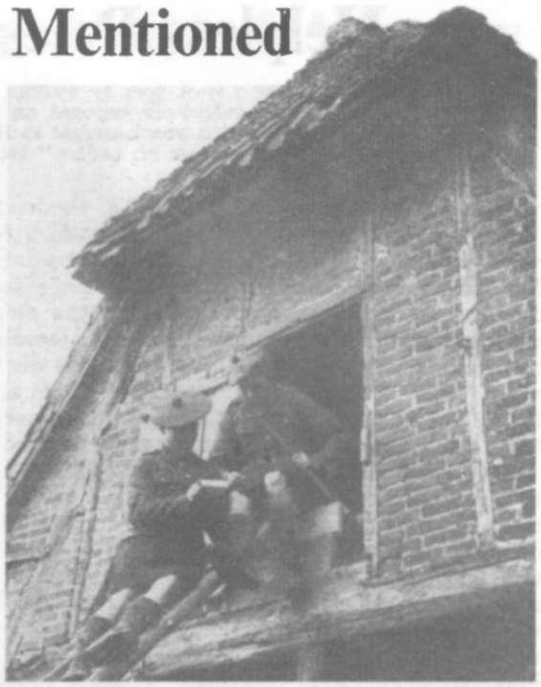


The nature of the Siegfried Line has been fully revealed by the observations of the R.A.F. It is not, as the Maginot Line is, a long chain of great fortresses connected by underground works, but a series of concrete blockhouses defended by wire entanglements and anti-tank obstacles. The construction materials are brought up by railways with many branches. Deep holes are dug, the strong points are built, and then covered with earth. Earth that has been turned over during construction work shows a light tone. A German blockhouse is seen in the photo, right.

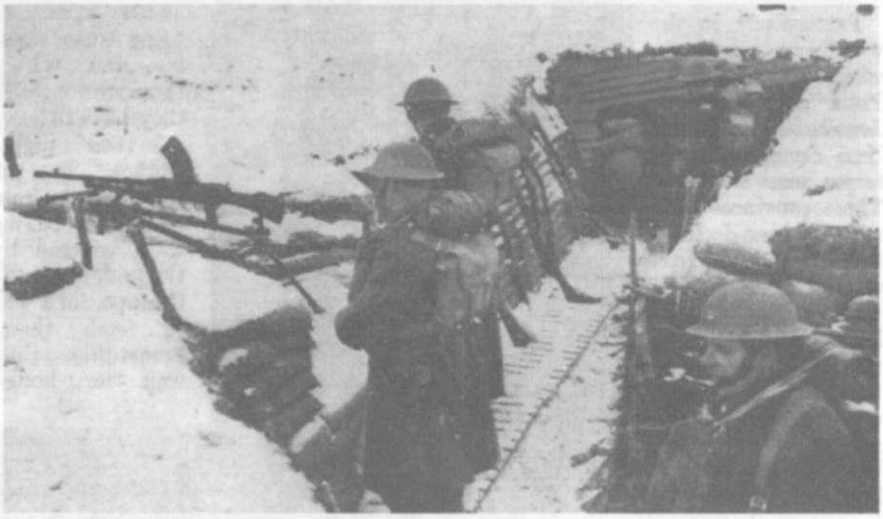
A. Machine- and anti-tank gun emplacements.
B. Railways. C. Train.
D. River Saar. E. Cemetery.
F. Town of Wadgassen.

Photos. British Official: Crown Copyright

Famous Names May Now Be Mentioned



Regiments that won glory in the last war are upholding their proud traditions in France, and the three men of the Norfolk regiment, left, emphasize their spirit with "thumbs up." Right, men of the Cameron Highlanders collaborate in cheery letters home from the loft of a French farm.



These men of the Royal Scots are occupying a forward position with a Bren gun and rifles handy. On the left a member of a working party of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment is at work in the Arctic conditions which prevailed throughout January on the Western Front. Below, a party of the Gordon Highlanders is returning to billets headed by a piper.

For some months no mention of any individual regiment at the Front was permitted to be published, but now we may say that these photographs show not just men of the B.E.F., but soldiers of some of the most famous regiments in the British Army—Royal Scots and Cameronians, Norfolks, Warwicks, and Gordon Highlanders.

British Official: Crown Copyright

Helpless Poles Caught in Hitler's Trap

Not a week goes by without further piteous tales coming to hand of the hardships and indignities imposed on the Poles—on, as the "New York Times" puts it, "helpless people caught in Hitler's trap, defenceless against the brutality of those who execute his orders." Here is a further account of these 20th-century atrocities.

FOR the Poles their land is now "a land of darkness and the shadow of death." Whether under the Nazi gauleiters or the Soviet commissars they are passing through an experience which it would be difficult to match in all the bloodstained pages of history. From many sources there come stories of brutality and horror which are so detailed and so mutually corroborative that even those who up to now have refused to believe that human nature could sink to such depths of cruelty are convinced despite themselves. It is all too plain that in Poland, at this very moment, atrocities are being committed worse, far worse, than anything which, to take a classic instance, Armenia witnessed in the days of "Abdul the Damned."

Particularly in the western provinces, where some 18,000,000 Poles and 2,000,000 Jews have come under Nazi dominion, is the terror most manifest. These provinces have recently been declared to be an integral part of the Reich, and it would seem that a large proportion of their population is being evicted in order to make room for Germans "brought home" from the Baltic States. Peasants are being turned off their farms; small shopkeepers are being deprived of the little businesses which are their all; workmen by the thousand are being deported to Germany to labour as serfs on the farms and in the factories of the conquerors; and large numbers of "useless hands," old men, women, and children are being transferred into that central district about Warsaw which is ominously entitled the German Protectorate. As for the Jews, they are being torn up from where they have taken root, not only in Poland but from many parts of Greater Germany, and transported to the region round Lublin which is to be constituted a Jewish reserve; already by December, 10,000 of these poor human cattle had arrived in the district, and it is said that the Nazis have in mind the transference to this already overcrowded area of 1,500,000 of the children of Israel.

These violent expulsions were sternly denounced in a report authorized by Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, which formed the basis for the Vatican broadcast referred to in an earlier page (*see* page 78, Vol. II) as "one of the greatest enormities of all history." According to the report, which refers to the districts of Poznan and Gniezno, the Poles are forbidden to leave their homes between 7.30 in the evening and six in the morning, and spend most of the night in a state of sheer terror waiting for the knock on the door which will mean that their turn has come for deportation into the unknown. Between 500 and 1,000 are deported every night, it states. "These poor people cannot sleep, but, standing in dark rooms near windows, await their turn. Sometimes a more humane policeman allows them to bring some woollies, but when these are not ready they have to leave in their night-clothes. In the streets groups from each building wait, covered by the rifles of the Gestapo, for a bus to fetch them. Sometimes they wait for hours. This winter, with 15 degrees of frost and sometimes more, poor people, women, children, the aged and infirm, were obliged to stand in the road for four hours, the silence broken by their lamentations and sobs. They are taken to the camp, which is not heated, which has cement floors, and which has no mattresses. Here they sleep on the same straw for weeks, and this soon becomes ridden with vermin and dirt. There are no toilets or hot water. No attention is paid to anyone, not even to children or expectant mothers. The babies born in these barns are for lack of warm water washed with tepid coffee."

In the light of such revelations as these, it is a little difficult to understand the view that Germany is a bulwark against Bolshevism. As a writer in the "Economist" puts it, "If mass murder, organized pillage, sacrilegious violence and a cynical disregard for every human right are to be our protection against Bolshevism, can we honestly maintain that the disease is worse than the cure? Indeed, the Germans bring a refinement of cruelty to their task which can only spring from their long contact with European civilization, whereas Russian brutality smacks of the primitive steppe."

"If at any time," concludes the writer, "there are signs of a renewed desire for appeasement, let the fate of the Polish people remind us of the power we wish to appease. There can be no accommodation with Poland's butchers."

Reproduced from the "Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung," these photos are supposed to show (top) a Jew of Warsaw pointing out to Nazi S.S. men the grave of a Polish soldier in which his co-religionists have hidden arms; these are dug up (below), and now the "Jewish criminals" must appear before the German court. By such faked pictures the Nazis seek to justify the horrors of their regime in Poland. *Photos, E.N.A.*

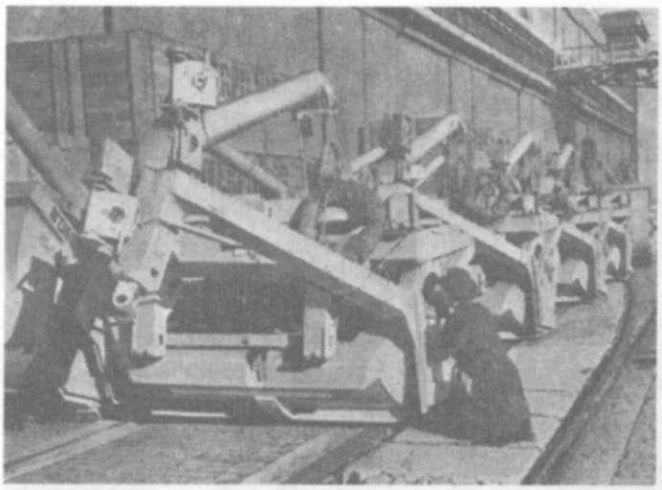
Living and Dead in the Nazi Hell of Warsaw

Pitiable in the extreme is the plight of the Jews in Poland under Nazi rule. In this photograph the three people walking in the roadway are Jews. On their backs they must wear a triangle of yellow cloth to show that their faith is abominable to the Nazi, and they must walk in the gutter, for the pavement is for Aryans only. Taken with a miniature camera, the picture was smuggled out of Poland by a neutral.

Photo, Keystone

Ghastly slaughter by bomb and shell accompanied the siege of Warsaw, and now it is continuing as those suspected of too ardent Polish sympathies are put up against a wall and shot. The cemeteries have been filled to overflowing, and many of the dead have been buried in public gardens and squares, even sometimes in the streets. Here are graves in the Hoover Square, named after the U.S.A. President who succoured the Poles after the Great War.

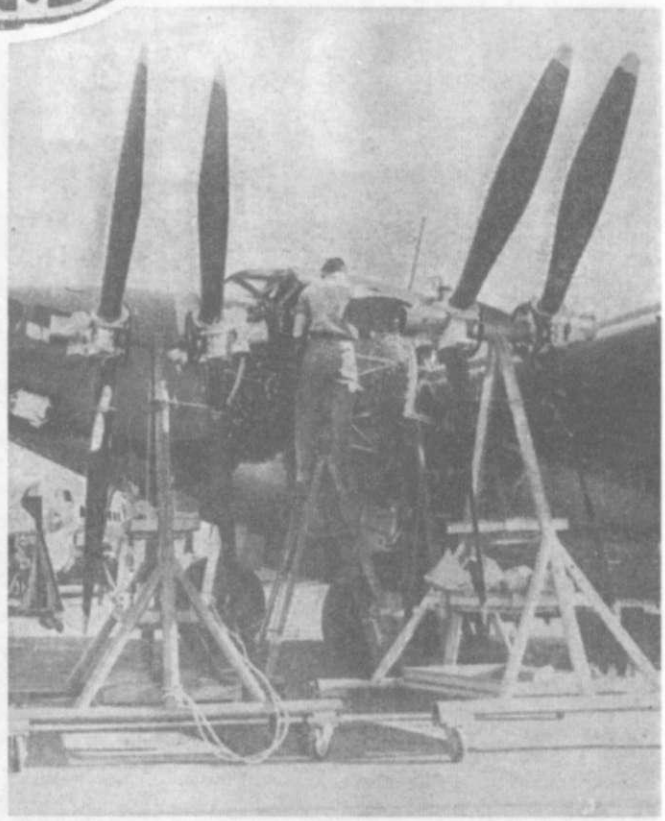
The Allies Command the Seas and the Cash



These strange machines are trench-diggers built in America for the French Government awaiting shipment at Staten Island, New York. They are the first of a batch of 300 that have been ordered.

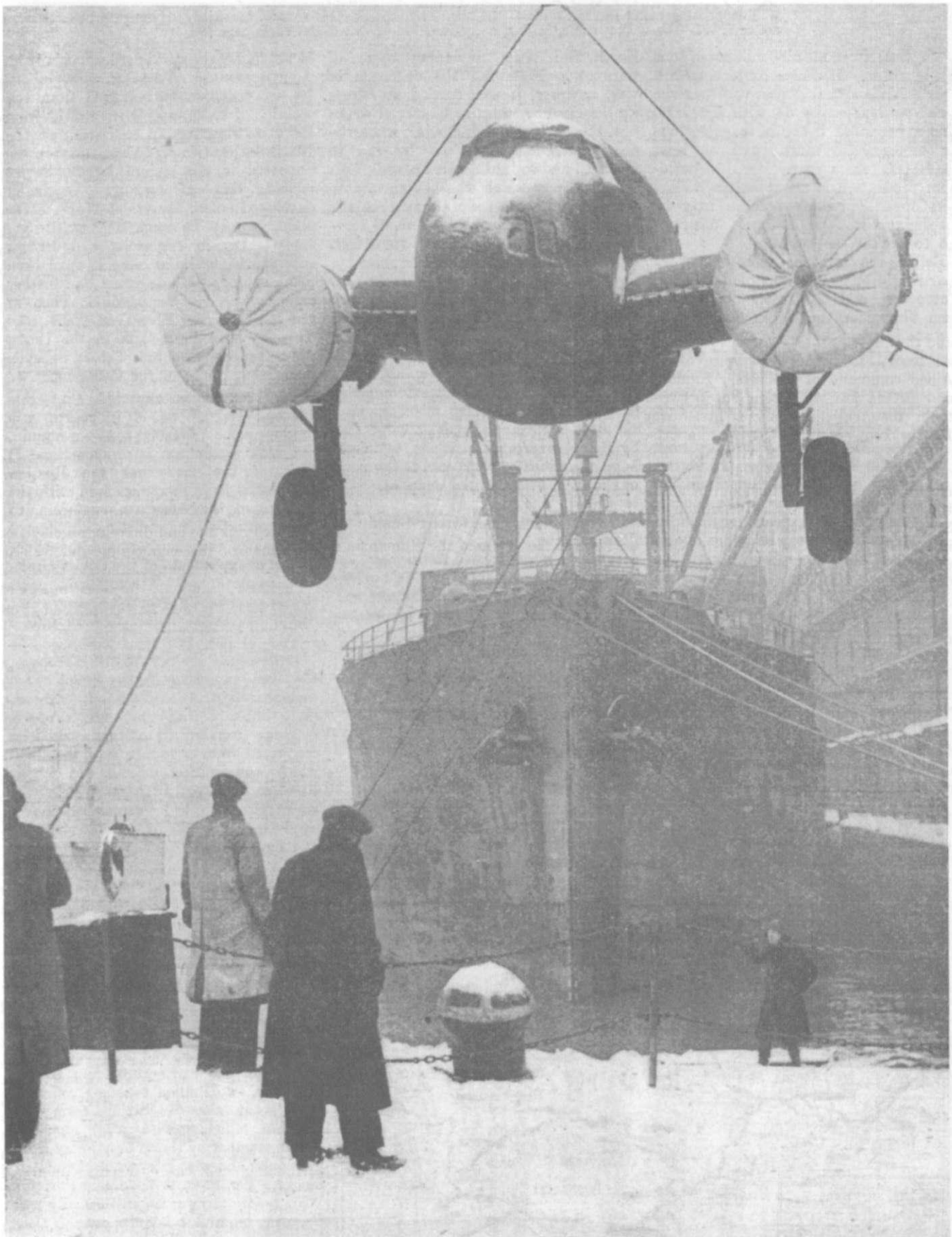
THE United States Neutrality Act was signed by President Roosevelt on November 4, 1939. The Allies immediately began to place orders with American factories for aircraft. Indeed, before the war they had bought some 1,500 American 'planes and had secured delivery of about half. Possibly 10,000 'planes will be required from the U.S.A. before the summer of 1941, for the Allies have not only the money to pay for the material they order but the ships to carry it safely across the Atlantic.

At the Douglas Aircraft works in California light bombers are under construction for the French Government. Their two Pratt-Witney engines give a speed of over 200 miles an hour.
Photo Wide World



Left, caterpillar tractors built in the U.S.A. are awaiting shipment to France In the background is a British merchant-ship with an anti-aircraft gun in her stern carrying a deck-load of American-built bombers. At the Lockheed aeroplane works in California (right) the last of a batch of 250 reconnaissance bombers ordered by the Allies are nearing completion and the propellers are being fitted. Centre, the fuselage of a Lockheed bomber is being built round the jig.
Photos, Associated Press and Topical

Just One Bomber of the Thousands Ordered



This photograph and those in the opposite page give some idea of the vast reserve of war material which the new American Neutrality Act has made accessible to the Allies. Here a Lockheed bomber, such as is seen under construction in the opposite page, is being unloaded from a British merchant-ship. The wings have been removed to facilitate storage, and it will be sent to a British aircraft factory for completion and overhaul.
Photo, Topical

Germany Wants Oil—and Wants It Badly

On the extent to which Nazi Germany can increase its available supplies of oil may well depend the whole future course of the war. Here the possible sources of supply are reviewed—the subject being, in fact, a continuation of that discussed in page 598.

GERMANY wants oil—millions of tons of it. If she is content with a defensive or "passive" war she could perhaps make do with 5,000,000 tons a year, but if she is to go all out for victory she must have at least 10,000,000 tons a year. Her own petroleum production is about half a million tons annually, which perhaps may be speeded up to 700,000 tons. Where is she to obtain the balance?

Before the war she imported every year nearly 5,000,000 tons of petroleum, motor fuel, and lubricating oils, chiefly from Venezuela, the Dutch East Indies, and the United States—sources which are all barred to her now because of the Allied command of the seas. Rumania and Russia are still open, but between them they supplied only a little over 10 per cent of the German imports. Since the war began Germany has obtained the Polish oilfield at Jaslo, but most of the Galician oilfield, including the rich oil districts of Drohobycz, Stanislawow, and Kolomea, were included in Russia's share of Poland. Quite recently there have been indications that Germany has obtained control of these oilfields in addition to the one at Jaslo, but it may be noted that the total output of the Galician oilfields in 1937 was only 500,000 tons.

Rumania produces some six or seven million tons of petroleum per annum. The most important oil wells are in the region north of Bucharest at Ploesti, Buzeu, and Bacau, and in peacetime the oil is shipped via Constanza on the Black Sea through the Mediterranean to the North Sea ports, including those of Germany. Following the outbreak of war, however, it was carried in barges up the Danube, until, as happened weeks ago, the river was frozen over, when the only route left open was by rail to Cernauti and so into Soviet Poland. This is the railway which would seem now to be under some measure of German control; it is a western gauge line—4 ft. 8½ in.—unlike those of Russia, which are 5 feet.

Although the truth is hard to come by, there would seem to be little doubt that for months past the Nazis have been exercising strong pressure on Rumania to increase her oil supplies to the Reich; but the Rumanian Government, even if it has the will, which is by no means certain, must experience great difficulty in persuading Rumanian oil companies, the most important of which are operated by British or French interests, to deliver huge quantities of petroleum to Germany in excess of their normal supplies.

How Much Can Russia Supply?

Even if the whole of the Rumanian oil production were diverted to Germany she would still be far short of the amount required to run a successful offensive war. There remains Russia, and the German people, if not the German Government, would seem to entertain the most boundless hopes of obtaining huge quantities of oil from the Soviet. The Soviet Union is known to possess oil deposits to the amount of some 6,370,000,000 tons, which is more than half the known world reserves, but its actual production of some 30,000,000 tons represents only about 11 per cent of the world production in 1938. At present most of the Soviet oil—about 75 per cent, in fact—comes from the vicinity of Baku, and it is brought from Baku on the Caspian to Batum on the Black Sea by two pipe-lines. Also in the Caucasus is the second largest Soviet oilfield, that of Grosny. Originally developed before the Great War—in the main, it may be remarked, by British capital, British engineers, and British enterprise—the Baku oilfields have been much extended of late years, and further extension no doubt is possible. Then, in the course of the Five-Year Plans, new oil wells have been sunk in the Urals, where the deposits are said to be even richer than those of the Caucasus.

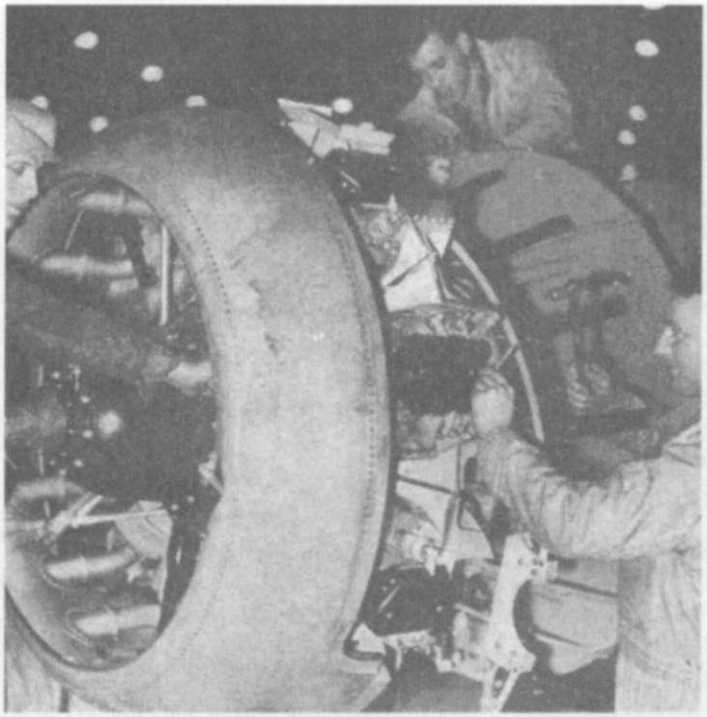
By 1942 it is expected that this "second Baku," as it is called, will produce some 7,000,000 tons per annum, but such production is problematical in view of the fact that the Russian authorities have now dispensed with the services of the American engineers, to whose initiative and directing intelligence so much of the engineering and technological achievements of the Soviet Union must be attributed. This fact lends point to the constantly recurring story that Stalin has asked Hitler to loan him a large number of German engineers.

But even if the services of a corps of the best engineers in the Reich were immediately made available, it is exceedingly unlikely that the amount of oil reaching Germany from Russia could be converted from a trickle into the flood which is really needed. For not only is Russian transport in a very primitive state—the railways, as mentioned above, are broad gauge, and the roads are poor and few—but as Russia herself becomes more and more industrialized she must require for her own use ever greater supplies of the oils without which machinery cannot function.

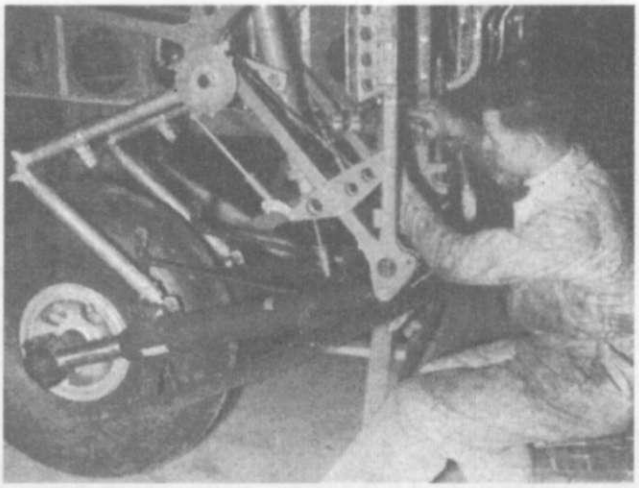
If the war lasts, say, three years or seven, then Germany may reasonably expect to receive from the Russian oilfields amounts of petroleum increasing annually to, say, 5 million tons in the middle nineteen-forties. If, however, it is a short war, then she must be content with what she can secure from Russia now (say, two million tons per annum), with what she can wring from the Galician oilfields, with what she can obtain whether by threat or cajolery from Rumania, and with her own accumulated stocks. For there is no doubt that for years before the war began Germany was hoarding oil, and it is quite possible that some six or seven million tons of imported petroleum may have been stored in her tanks against the day of battle.

In this map are seen the areas of Poland, Russia and Rumania from which Germany hopes to obtain those increased supplies of oil without which she cannot wage an offensive war on a large scale. Also marked is the vital railway from Bucharest to Poland.

Turning the Scales Against the Nazis in the Air

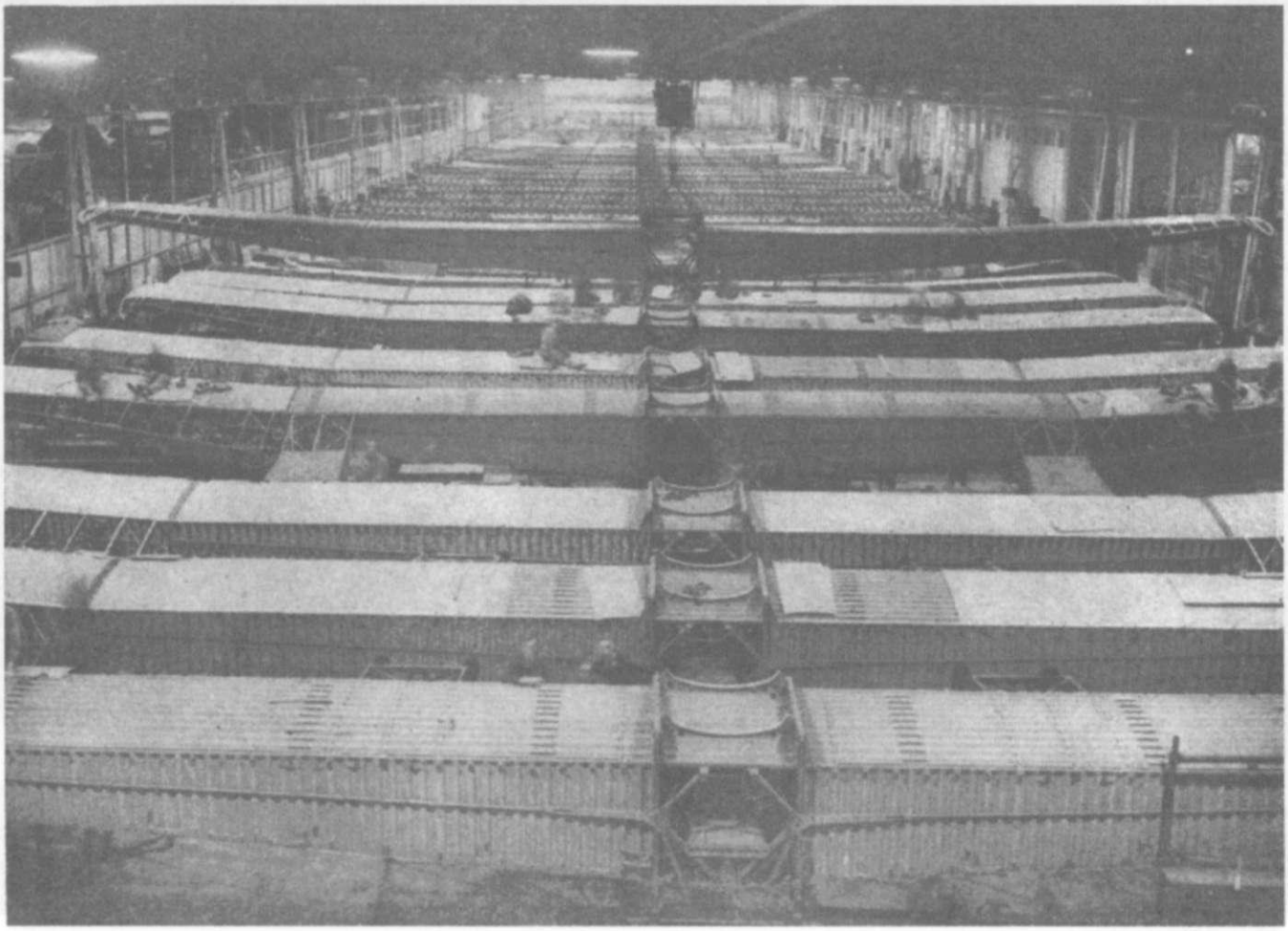


An engine is being installed in an aeroplane. It is a Bristol-Mercury VIII. Two engines of this type of 920 h.p. are fitted to the Bristol Blenheim fighter-bombers, and two of 840 h.p. to the Bristol Blenheim bombers.



The under carriage is being fitted to a Blenheim bomber. It can be retracted beneath the fuselage, thus lessening the resistance of the machine to the air.

At the close of 1939 Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air, reviewing the situation as regards aeroplane production, said: "Regarding production the mere numerical output today is more than twice what it was a year ago, and the types that are now passing from the factories to the units represent, not only in man-hours of construction but in their efficiency as weapons of war, not a twofold but a manifold accretion of power."



This great array of wings for 'planes of the growing Royal Air Force was photographed in a factory where intensive production is going on. The machines are Armstrong-Whitworth Whitley bombers. They are still on the jigs—metal patterns round which aeroplanes are built to ensure that each one corresponds with the most perfect accuracy to the design, thus ensuring absolute equality of performance. See also pages 112 and 113.

Photos, L.N.A.

In One of Britain's 'Shadow' Factories Bombers On the Line Will So

WORDS THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER

Extracted from Authoritative War Speeches and Statements Week by Week

(*Continued from page 82*)

Dire Results of Domination by Nazism

Monday, January 29, 1940

M. DALADIER, Premier of France, in a broadcast :

After five months of war and amid the alarms which have completely upset Europe, one certainty imposes itself more and more on all minds—it is that one man wishes to establish a domination over the whole world quite different from any that history has hitherto known.

Nazism not only seeks to enforce domination, but also aims at the complete systematic destruction of the vanquished. It desires not only to dominate the nations, but to destroy them. Hitler takes away from them all economic and political existence. He seeks to destroy even their history and culture. He considers them as an open, vacant territory over which he possesses every right. To him human beings are only cattle.

He contemplates their massacre, so that the space can be occupied by the conqueror. He does not even think it worth while to establish war tribunals to deprive them of their riches. He smothers in advance all possibility of revolt, and systematically pursues their moral and physical degradation. Under this domination, in hundreds of towns and villages all over Europe, millions of human beings have experienced the misery which they did not even dare to imagine a few months ago.

Austria and Bohemia, Slovakia and Poland are now only lands of terror and despair. Entire populations are being deprived of all their material and moral welfare and, having become victims of this brutal treatment and treachery, have no other choice except to work for their conquerors and to eke out a most miserable existence. In the midst of a community of nations who have remained free, these people constitute a special world of masters and slaves.

This is a picture of Germany herself, for if Germany crushes under her tyranny men of all races and nationalities, she will crush herself by her own servitude and by her own folly of domination. The German worker and peasant are the slaves of their Nazi masters, but the Bohemian and Polish workmen and peasants have become, in their turn, the slaves of these slaves. . . . . .

Great Religious Leader Appeals for Finland

Thursday, February 1

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY at a service of intercession for Finland :

There is most assuredly no exaggeration in the claim that Finland is defending the precious inheritance of our common civilization. Here is a State, small in numbers, some 3½ millions, but great in spirit, wholly devoted to peace, quietly cultivating the arts of peace, cherishing no designs against any neighbours, and only asking that its neighbours should leave it free to live its own life in its own way. Here is a people wholesome in body and mind—simple, sturdy, industrious, and deeply religious.

It is needless to enlarge upon the bravery with which it is holding a mighty force at bay. Day by day our hearts glow with admiration—of the indomitable spirit with which the Finnish soldiers confront the terrible odds (forty to one) against them, of the masterly strategy and skilful tactics of the great soldier who is now defending the freedom he won for his country 20 years ago. In reading the story of this valiant struggle I am constantly reminded of the story from ancient times of the heroic days of Judas Maccabaeus.

Yet sympathy and admiration, however strongly felt, will be barren unless they bear fruit in effective help. We know that our own Government in this country is eager to give material help to the State and the armies of Finland to the very utmost of its ability within the limits imposed by its own tremendous responsibilities in the wider war. We appeal to it to hasten its help. For it is very probable that in the month of May the final issue of the struggle for right against wrong may be decided.

Meanwhile, through the Finland Relief Fund (whose headquarters be it noted, are 9, Upper Belgrave Street, London), we can all, high and low, rich and poor, give what we can to send comforts to the soldiers and succour to the wounded and to all those who are suffering or bereft of their homes by the cruel onslaughts of the enemy from the air. They are our brethren struggling and suffering in the same high cause as ours. Surely no heart can be dead to the appeal of their need.

Strength of British Peoples Lies in Freedom

Saturday, February 3

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, Secretary for the Dominions, in a speech at Stratford-on-Avon :

This is no war of aggrandizement. We seek neither wealth nor territory. This is no clash of dynasties. It is a struggle for international decency.

Let me try to express in one sentence what is at stake—the rights of all people, small and great, to lead their own lives, to think as they will, to worship as they will, to cultivate the arts in freedom and at peace, the right to be free. For generations we in this country have known no change, we have come to regard our right to be free as natural, almost inevitable; we have taken it for granted; we have even come to regard it as mere absence of restraint instead of what it truly is—a living force. A moment's reflection will bring this truth home to you as it has recently been brought home to me in most striking fashion.

Since the war began you have heard of the magnificent help which the Dominions have given us in every sphere, military, economic and financial. That help is gathering momentum, that giant effort is swinging into its stride. Its influence may be decisive, but in truth what the Dominions are doing is just one more proof of what they are, and it is their essential nature which I am anxious to emphasize at this moment.

The British Commonwealth is an association of free peoples. Therein lies its essential strength. The formal links are few; there is no constraint. In the 20 years since the Great War the constitutional freedom of the great Dominions has been even more clearly marked. If they were free in 1914 they are still freer today.

As a consequence there were some short-sighted observers who believed that the Dominions would be less ready to stand at our side in the hour of crisis. Those critics failed to understand the essential spirit of the British Empire. Our great strength lies in our greater freedom.

All the confident predictions of our enemies, the gibes of Goebbels, the taunts of Hitler, the assertions that the British Empire was a crumbling institution and that in the hour of trial it would dissolve in ruin—all these have been utterly falsified.

We are not fighting to maintain our outworn system, no assertion could be more false. We are fighting for the possibility of true progress in freedom of mind and spirit. Of such progress the British Commonwealth is a living example, the Third Reich a sealed tomb. We must keep this contrast in methods and in aims constantly before our eyes.

'There will be No Victory Without Tears'

MR. OLIVER STANLEY, Secretary for War, in a speech at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :

We are fighting not only for our ideals or for our ideas, but we are fighting for our lives. We have got to go on either to victory or defeat. Which of us can have any illusions as to what is the alternative to victory ?

They say the Treaty of Versailles was a hard peace. What sort of peace is a victorious Germany going to give a defeated Britain ? Shorn of our Empire, our Fleet, our trade, we should be a small overcrowded island, its recovery impossible, even its survival in doubt. That is why I have only one war aim, to win the war; only one peace aim, that the peace shall be lasting.

For ourselves we want nothing of Germany, or of the Germans. We do not desire their destruction, we do not threaten them their prosperity, we do not want to make their land the desert that they have made of a quarter of Europe. We want them to be peaceful and happy members of a peaceful and happy Europe.

But never again, under this leader or any other leader, under this regime or any other regime, must they have the power to inflict upon the world the misery and suffering which twice in our life they have done.

People talk about a peace by negotiation. Heaven knows, no one of us wants this war to continue a minute longer than is necessary, nor that one life should be lost that could be saved.

We should grasp with both hands at a peace which was both secure and honourable, but what sort of peace should we get now by negotiation ? A peace which would settle nothing, which would leave differences and dangers untouched, which would give no assurance for the present and no security for the future. We should get no lasting peace, but a troubled truce. Within a few months, at the most within a few years, we should find that we had not won peace, but that we had sacrificed victory.

We must go on and we must have no illusions as to what that means. We are fighting a brave, a ruthless, and a determined people. I have no patience with that facile optimism which thinks that somehow something will happen. Make no mistake. There will be no victory without tears. We in this country are able to face the truth. We do not have to be buoyed up, like the Germans, with fairy tales about Britain being turned into an iceberg, or everyone being sent to sleep for a fortnight. We do not have to be told that victory will come as the result not of an effort, but of a miracle. Victory will come, but it will come as the result of endurance and sacrifice. Everything we have will have to be thrown into the scale. Only so shall we reach the end of the road on which we set our feet five months ago . . .

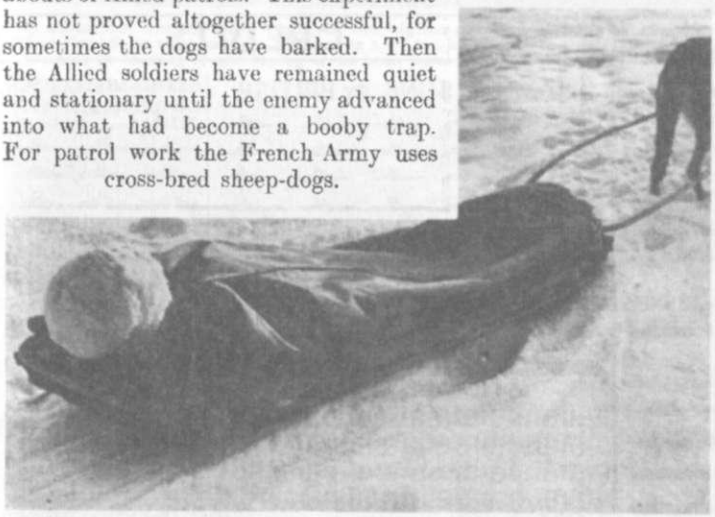
Let us steel our hearts, march on with unflinching courage and unswerving determination along the hard road on which we have set our feet, until we reach, as we shall reach, Journey's End—Victory then peace.

Dogs of War Are in the Front Line Again

This German war dog has been trained to carry messages from the front line and has just arrived back at headquarters. The message is in the cylinder attached to the collar.

The eagerness and intelligence with which the French war dogs serve their masters are shown in these two photographs. In the top one a dog carrying a message from a front line trench jumps to his errand. The dogs show, too, extraordinary sagacity in negotiating obstacles, and in the one just above one of them picks his way cautiously through a barbed-wire entanglement.

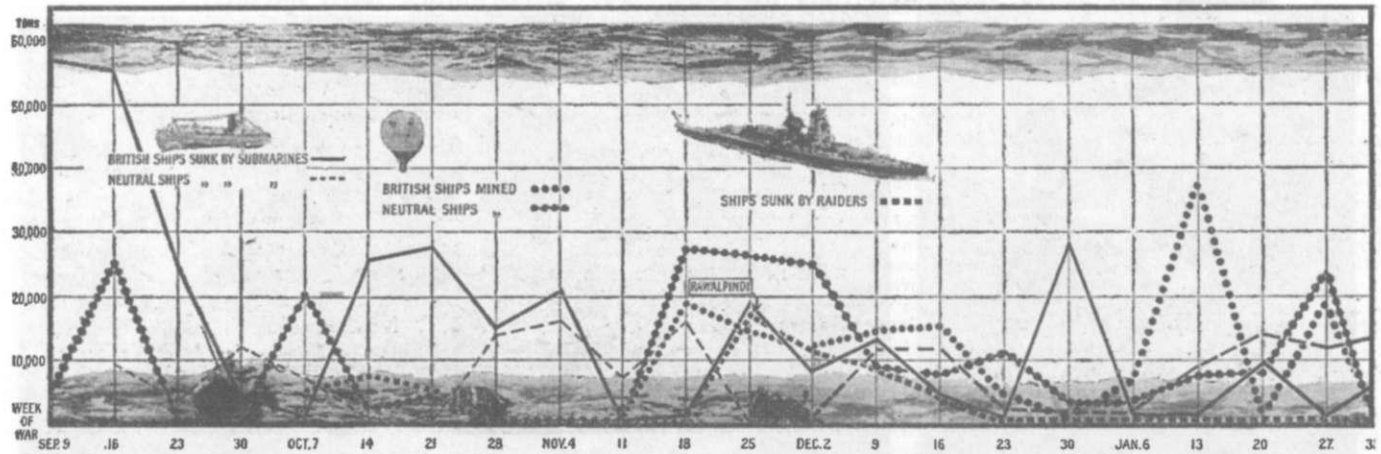
BOTH the Allied and German Armies are using dogs, as they did in the last War, to carry messages from the front line to advanced headquarters. The Germans, moreover, employ them in advance of patrols to give warning of the whereabouts of Allied patrols. This experiment has not proved altogether successful, for sometimes the dogs have barked. Then the Allied soldiers have remained quiet and stationary until the enemy advanced into what had become a booby trap. For patrol work the French Army uses cross-bred sheep-dogs.



The Swedish army uses dogs and sledges for transport. Here is a sledge that would be used in wartime to transport wounded, while, right, a Swedish soldier is harnessing the leading dog to a two-dog sledge. The Swedes use Alsatians as sledge dogs as they are more tractable than Huskies.

Photos, Black Star, International Graphic Press and Planet News

Peaceful Merchantmen in the War's Front Line



IF you can believe the Nazi broadcasts, the British Mercantile Marine is being steadily driven from the seas or sunk beneath them by the operation of the German aircraft, submarines, and mines; the ships of the neutrals are refusing to call at the danger-infested ports of Britain, and the crowded population of England is already not far removed from starvation. So short are supplies that thousands of cattle and poultry are being slaughtered because it is impossible to obtain from overseas the fodder and grain required. . . .

This is the picture presented to the German public, but it is hard to reconcile it with the reality. Although Britain and France, and to an almost equal extent the neutral countries, have lost a number of merchant ships, the tonnage represented is but a small percentage of the whole; in the case of Britain, for instance, she has lost about 2 per cent of the tonnage of her mercantile marine (not counting any replacements), as compared with a loss by Germany of at least 5 per cent. In five months of war, up to the end of January 1940, the British shipping losses through enemy action amounted to a total tonnage of 523,072, and we may compare this figure with the over 525,000 tons of British merchant shipping sunk in the *single month* of April, 1917.

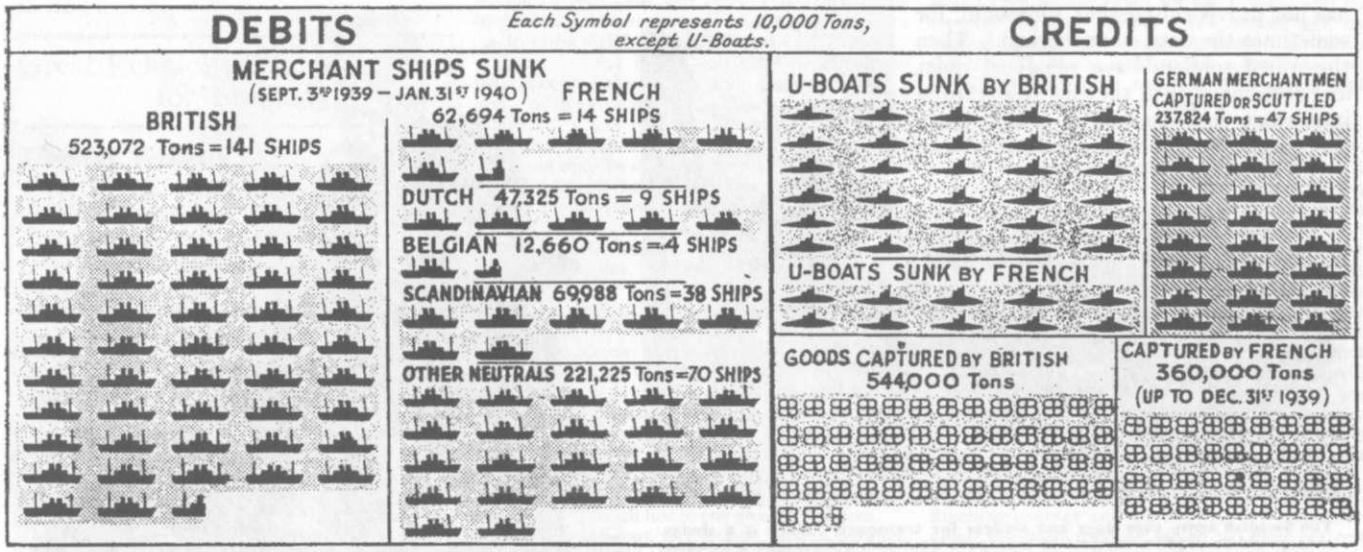
Not only have the results of the German attacks on our shipping fallen far short of those achieved during the last war, but the successive phases of the present struggle have shown that, whatever the methods adopted and with whatever degree of ruthlessness, we possess the men and the intelligence and the equipment to bring them to naught.

Three Phases in Nazi Shipping War

So far we may distinguish three phases in the shipping war waged by the Nazis against Britain and France and the neutral States who have commerce with them. First, in the opening fortnight of the war the Germans relied on their submarines. Before September had run its course Britain had lost 26 ships by U-boat action. In October there were 9 sinkings, in November 15, in December 6, and in January only one—a tanker. It was not long before Mr. Churchill was able to claim with truth that the submarine menace had been mastered.

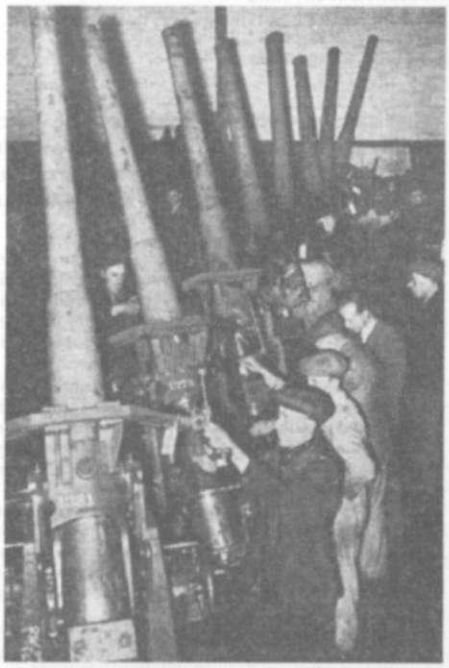
Next, the Nazis employed the magnetic mine, whose first triumph was the sinking of the "Simon Bolivar." This was in the third week of November, and for a few days the spectre of Nazi aeroplanes dropping mines by parachute over the Thames estuary and the adjacent waters haunted the British consciousness. Yet on November 26 the Prime Minister was able to declare that the secret of the magnetic mine was known and countered. He spoke rightly, for whereas 11 neutral ships (tonnage 68,000) were sunk by mines in November, in December the sinkings were 19, but of a tonnage of only about 28,000; in January the figure was lower still. In general neutrals were by far the biggest sufferers, e.g. British losses in November by mines were only 8 of a tonnage of 25,000.

Shortly before Christmas the third phase opened with the merciless bombing and machine-gunning by Nazi warplanes of British fishing boats, trawlers, cargo vessels, colliers, coasters, and even lightships. We may be confident that these attacks, these boasted "great victories achieved over armed merchantmen cruising in convoy and outpost ships," will in time be overcome.


DEBITS
Each Symbol represents 10,000 Tons, except U-Boats.
CREDITS
MERCHANT SHIPS SUNK
(SEPT. 3RD 1939 – JAN. 31ST 1940)
BRITISH
523,072 Tons = 141 SHIPS
FRENCH
62,694 Tons = 14 SHIPS
DUTCH 47,325 Tons = 9 SHIPS
BELGIAN 12,660 Tons = 4 SHIPS
SCANDINAVIAN 69,988 Tons = 38 SHIPS
OTHER NEUTRALS 221,225 Tons = 70 SHIPS
U-BOATS SUNK BY BRITISH
U-BOATS SUNK BY FRENCH
GERMAN MERCHANTMEN CAPTURED OR SCUTTLED
237,824 Tons = 47 SHIPS
GOODS CAPTURED BY BRITISH
544,000 Tons
CAPTURED BY FRENCH
360,000 Tons
(UP TO DEC. 31ST 1939)

This picture diagram, which continues the story of the Allied Blockade from that published in page 396 of Volume I, shows losses on both sides to the end of January. Note that U-boat sinkings for January cannot be included, as official figures are not available, although semi-official French statements bring total U-boats sunk up to "40 or 50." The sinkings are analysed in the diagram at the top of the page.

Britain's Merchant Navy Learns to Hit Back



An intensive effort has been made to produce guns for the Mercantile Marine. These high-angle guns are ready for dispatch to ships.

Naval officers and ratings were detailed to instruct the crews of merchant-ships in gunnery, and found them apt and eager pupils. The proper way to ram home the shell is being explained to members of a merchant-ship's crew who have volunteered to man the gun.

This oil-tanker mounts astern one of the high-angle guns that can be used against either aircraft or submarines. The gun is a 4·7 in., and when it is first installed daily practice in loading it and laying it, as seen below, is part of the ship's routine.

In the course of his speech in the House of Commons on December 6, 1939, Mr. Winston Churchill said:

"We have already armed more than 1,000 merchant-ships for self-defensive purposes and the process is continuing with all possible speed. It will not be long before we have 2,000 so armed. These merchant-ships, in accordance with the oldest rights of the sea, fire back when they are attacked. The merchant captains and seamen show a resolute disposition to defend themselves, and many duels are fought in which the U-boat, fearing to be damaged and thus be unable to dive or attack, is beaten off."

These men of a merchant-ship are firing the first shot with their new gun, still under Naval supervision. The gun is depressed so that the shell strikes the water close to the ship.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press and Sport & General

'PRODIGIOUS EFFORTS, PRODIGIOUS RESULTS

Realizing, in his own words, "the necessity of giving the people information from time to time as to what is going on," the Prime Minister, in the course of an address to the National Defence Public Interest Committee on January 31, gave facts and figures concerning Britain's war effort which were as impressive as various. Here we give a selection of the most important items.

BRITAIN is making prodigious efforts to win the war, and already prodigious results have been achieved. This was the marrow of the Premier's message, and if some there were amongst his hearers who had come to question, they remained to cheer. Making a beginning with his "one or two facts," Mr. Chamberlain referred first to the British Army.

At the present time, at home, in France, in India, and in other stations overseas, upon our vital lines of Imperial communications, **we have upwards of 1,250,000 men under arms.** These troops, in these overseas stations, all standing ready, prepared for their duties, enable us here at home, without fear of interruption, to proceed with the expansion and equipment of our striking forces.

That is a very different proposition from what it was even in the last war. The modern soldier is an expert trained in the use of enormously powerful and complicated machinery, which is an essential ingredient in modern warfare.

We have now the first contingent of the British expeditionary force in France. Already we have sent over to France for their sustenance many thousands of motor transport vehicles and nearly **500,000 tons** of munitions and stores.

As fresh contingents go out to join their comrades we shall have to provide them with similar equipment.

Next the Premier referred to the Navy, which today, as always in our history, "is the first line of defence of these islands and of that great Empire which was built up by the toil and the enterprise of our forefathers."

I sometimes wonder whether we fully realize all that the Navy has to do. If you ask me what is the battle-front of the Navy I would say **"it is wherever British ships sail upon the oceans that cover two-thirds of the earth's surface."**

To give you an idea of the demands upon them I may tell you that since the outbreak of the war **one of our battleships has covered already 34,000 miles.** In the first 120 days one of our cruisers was at sea for 102 days, and one of our destroyers for 103 days in succession. . . .

At the very time that Sir Henry Harwood was fighting his historic action in the South Atlantic, H.M.S. "Salmon" was torpedoing cruisers in the North Sea.

And at the same moment the British Navy was convoying Canadian troops across the Atlantic and yet other troops were coming from Bombay through the Mediterranean.

One of the most audacious of the many audacious assertions of the German Ministry of Propaganda is that they have taken from us the command of the seas!

It is true that they are using their air forces to make attacks upon undefended trawlers, fishermen and light-vessels, and although they make haste to return home as soon as fire is opened on them by an anti-aircraft gun or one of our fighter aircraft, they do take a certain toll of ships and of lives in that way.

We must pay our tribute to the magnificent courage of these fishermen and merchant seamen who carry on their duties undismayed by those cowardly attacks.

But it still remains true that the power of the British Navy not only is able to protect the convoys with such success that they are increasingly being made use of by neutrals, but it is also possible to exercise, unhindered by German armed forces, the tremendous, powerful weapon of contraband control.

TURNING next to the Air Force, the Premier refrained for obvious reasons from giving any figures of recent expansion, but he declared that experience was proving that the quality of our machines and of the personnel leaves nothing to be desired.

I should like to add a few words about that great Empire training scheme which is going in the future to give us an almost inexhaustible supply of expert pilots, observers, bombers and gunners.

OUR WAR ACHIEVEMENTS

One or Two Facts

Given by Mr. Chamberlain, January, 1940

	Purchases
Wool, Empire output ..	Whole for duration
Textiles and Leather ..	£85,000,000

	Wartime	Peacetime
Overcoating ..	1,500,000 yds. per month	250,000 yds. per month
Battledress ..	500,000 per month	14,550 per month
Boots	130,000 prs. per week	120,000 prs. per year 2,300 per w'k

Nearly 500,000 tons of munitions and stores have been sent to the B.E.F. in France.

Sixty-seven Air Training Schools are to be established in Canada with 80 aerodromes and a staff of over 40,000 men.

At the beginning of the war only nine firms manufactured khaki cloth; today there are over a thousand.

Empire output of steel in 1914 was 9,000,000 tons; now it is 18,500,000 tons.

Output of shells has been doubled since the war began, and so has the output of guns.

Since September orders for guns, ammunition, and other war supplies equal nearly £200,000,000.

Two hundred thousand men and women now employed whole-time on A.R.P., 1,000,000 part-time volunteers.

Aiming at increasing the amount of arable land in the first year by 2,000,000 acres, over 1,250,000 acres have been selected, much of which has already been turned over.

Local authorities are aiming at providing 500,000 new allotments.

For that purpose there will be established in Canada no fewer than 67 training schools. They will have a staff amounting to no less than 40,000 and they will be provided with upwards of 80 new or enlarged aerodromes.

I venture to say that you could have no more striking demonstration of the power of the Dominions separated by so many thousands of miles from one another to canalize and concentrate their forces in order to forge a mighty weapon of war.

TO supply these vast forces with the equipment they require the industrial and economic life of the country has been revolutionized, and tremendous increases have been registered in the output of guns and shells and all the other ammunitions and equipment of war. On the home front hundreds of thousands of volunteers are playing their part in A.R.P. and the Fire Service, or as Special Constables.

I should like to say one word (continued Mr. Chamberlain) about our food supplies. Agriculture is still the largest industry in this country. It employs about 1,000,000 people, and the value of our agricultural produce as it leaves the farm is about £225,000,000.

In spite of that, our home production of agricultural products is somewhat less than half of the total needs of this very dense population of ours, and, in consequence, it has been necessary in the past to import vast quantities of human food and feeding stuffs for animals. . . .

This time we had made our plans before the war, and as soon as it broke out we were able to launch our campaign for increased production here. Our aim is to increase the amount of arable land in the first year by 2,000,000 acres. . . .

The man with a spade is going to help in digging up in his own time his plot of land, whether it be a garden or an allotment. . . .

One thing, continued the Premier, I think is becoming clearer every day, not from anything that we say, but from the actions of the Germans themselves, and that is that we are fighting not only for ourselves but for every country which is oppressed by the fear that some day they might find themselves in the position which has been successively occupied by Czecho-Slovakia, by Poland and now by Finland.

REFERRING to the difficult position in which the neutral countries found themselves, Mr. Chamberlain said:

We may and we do ask them, whether they be small and weak or whether they be great and powerful, to consider that, though in the exercise of our undisputed belligerent rights we may have to take action which causes them inconvenience, or even loss, at any rate **we have never sunk a neutral ship, we have never wittingly sacrificed one single neutral life.**

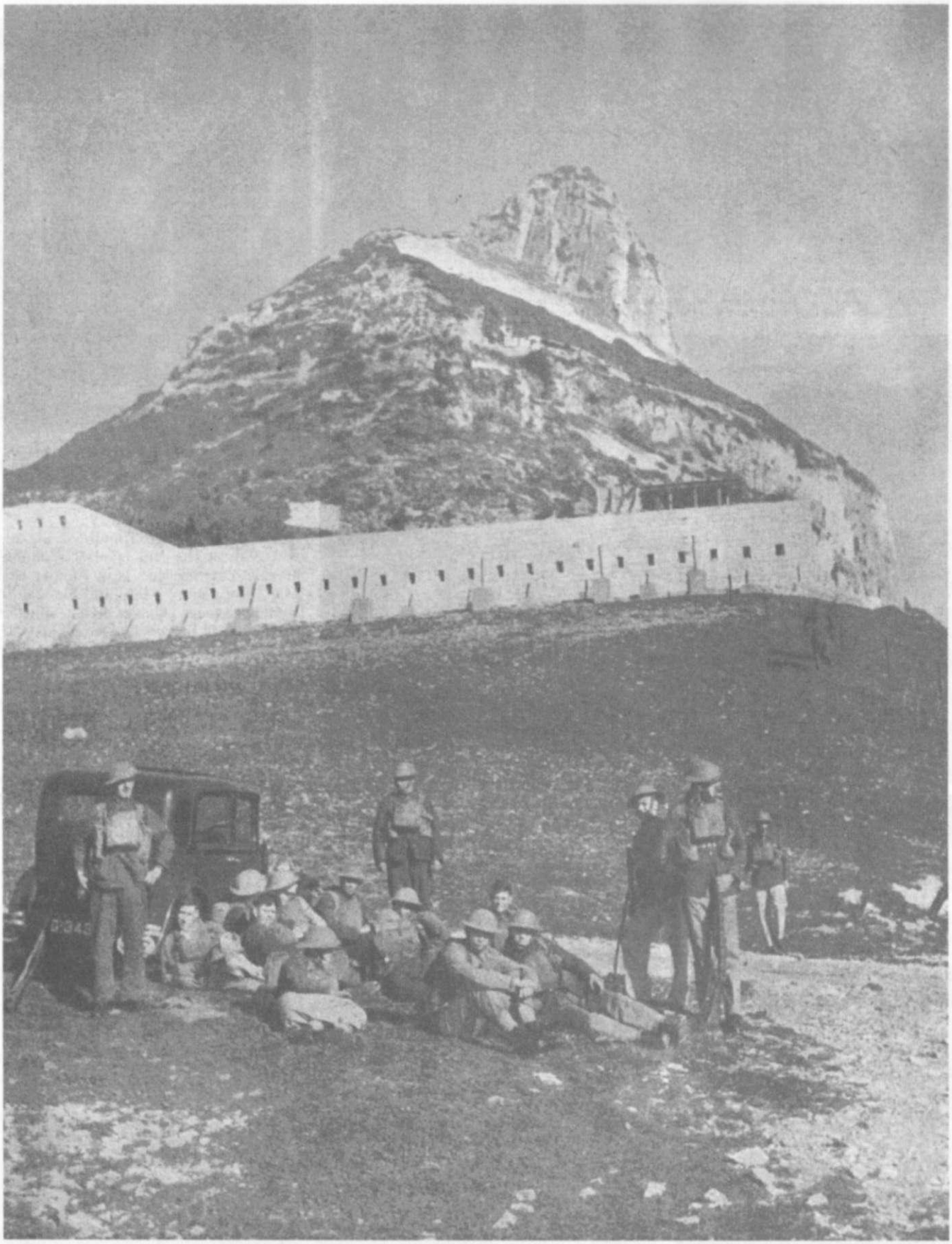
On the other hand, our enemy threatens the existence of States which are too small or too weak or too near to defy them, and they continue to show the most complete and the most callous indifference not merely to their interests but to the ordinary dictates of common humanity.

After expressing the hopes of the British Government that after the war the normal course of international trade would be restored, Mr. Chamberlain delivered a striking peroration.

I recall the day of over one hundred years ago (he said) when British seamen in British ships were tossed month after month in the stormy seas of the Atlantic while they held their indomitable blockade of the enemy we were then facing, who must often have experienced an overwhelming weariness and a longing for the end of their ordeal. But they held on, they achieved their purpose, and they saved their country.

Today that enemy of one hundred years ago is our closest and truest friend and ally. They are determined no less than ourselves to see this thing through until we have achieved our purpose. Side by side we will fight on until the freedom which has been outraged comes into its own again, until friend and enemy can sit down to build a happier and safer world.

Wartime Smiles High Up on Gibraltar's Rock



So often has the great Rock of Gibraltar been photographed that there can be few people who are not acquainted with the massive, lion-like shape of this bastion of British power in the Mediterranean. Here, however, we have a photograph taken since the war began, not from the sea, but from high up on the Rock itself, and, moreover, it shows a group of the British soldiers who comprise the garrison of the mighty fortress.

Photo. Central Press. Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

A.R.P. in the Empire's Distant Corners

Since the outbreak of war the defence force of Ceylon has been greatly increased. The young Singhalese have shown themselves as ready to serve as any other young men in the Empire. Here the Ceylon Royal Artillery are marching in their working overalls to the training ground.
Photo, Bippa

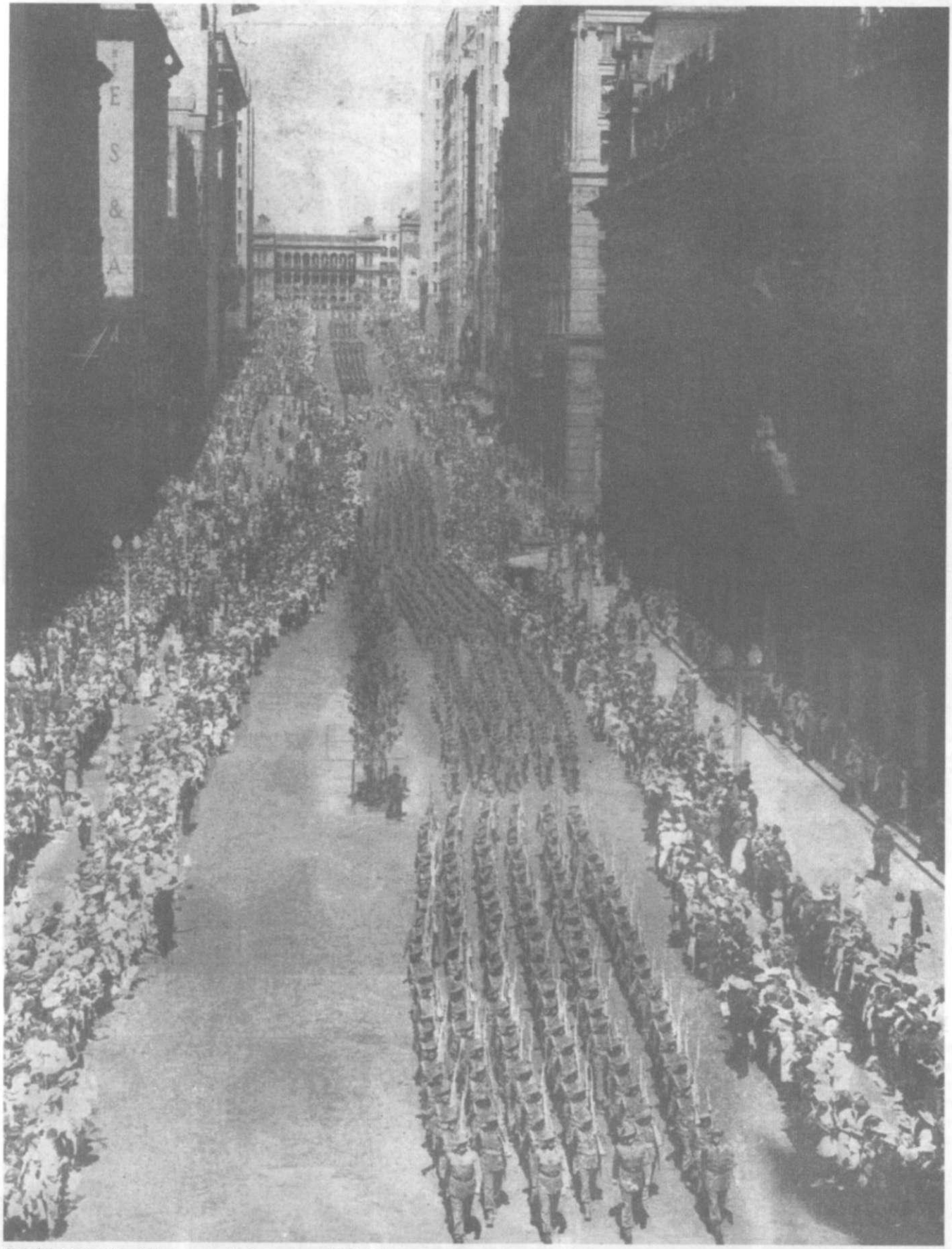
Even at Lahore, capital of the Punjab, in N.W. India, gas masks have been issued. Above, Government officials and members of the staff are undergoing gas-mask drill.
Photo, Topical

THE whole British Empire is at war, and so the sun is always shining on some country that is in conflict with Nazi Germany. Besides the great Dominions, the colonies have rallied to the support of Britain, and so complete are the preparations for the Commonwealth's defence that A.R.P. exists in places so remote that it is difficult to believe that even Hitler in his wildest imaginings could hope to drop gas bombs upon them. But these precautions have their use and value in that they bring home to people far from the zone of active operations the fact that the Empire of which they are citizens is fighting for its life.

Freetown, Sierra Leone, 3,500 miles from Germany, is fully prepared against gas attacks. An air raid warning would be given by beating this gong—and then the little girl, left, would don her gas mask!
Photos, Central Press

In all the native States of the British Empire steps have been taken to counteract the Nazi propaganda specially directed to them. Here a young African lawyer, educated at Cambridge, has donned his native dress, to address a meeting at Nagwa, on the Gold Coast, on Britain's war aims *Photo, Bippa*

The 'Aussies' Are On the March Again



In brilliant sunshine, between crowds of cheering and admiring spectators, the first Australian contingent bound for the Western Front is marching through Martin Place, Sydney, on the first stage of its journey. They belong to the Special Division, known as the Second A.I.F.—Australian Imperial Force—consisting of men who have volunteered for service either at home or abroad. On November 29, 1939, the Australian Premier Mr. Menzies, announced that they would proceed overseas early in 1940.

Brave Men Whom their Country Delights to Honour

They Swept the Seas for Mines

Skipper W. A. Watson, H. M. Trawler "Akita." Awarded D.S.C.

Skipper W. Limb, H. M. Trawler "Commodator." Awarded D.S.C.

Skipper J. V. Mullender, H. M. Trawler "Saon." Awarded D.S.C.

Skipper D. W. Simpson, H. M. Trawler "Thuringia." Awarded D.S.C.

Skipper D. F. Noble, H. M. Trawler "Cayton Wyke." Awarded D.S.C.

Left, Skipper S. R. Rounce, H. M. Drifter "Forethought." Awarded D.S.C.

Right, Skipper A. Raynolds, H. M. Drifters "Boy Jermyn" and "Forethought." Awarded D.S.C.

Left, Skipper J. G. Gatt, H. M. Trawler "Daisy II." D.S.C. for "Royal Oak" rescue.

Right, Capt. G. H. Freyberg, H.M.S. "Hampton." C.B.E. for mine-laying.

Circle, Mrs. Jolly receives E.G.M. awarded posthumously to her husband, Cmdr. R. F. Jolly, of H.M.S. "Mohawk."

They Fought Nazi Submarines and—

Cmdr. E. L. Woodhall, H.M.S. "Eclipse." Awarded D.S.O.

Cmdr. R. S. G. Nicholson, H.M.S. "Somali." Awarded D.S.O.

Cmdr. St. J. A. Micklethwait, H.M.S "Eskimo." Awarded D.S.O.

Lt. J. Eaden, of H. M. Submarine "Spearfish." Awarded D.S.C

They Launched Torpedoes at the Foe

Lt. J. D. Greene, H. M. Subm. "Ursula." D.S.C.

Lt. A. D. Piper, H. M. Subm. "Ursula." D.S.C.

Lt. G. D. A. Gregory, H. M. Subm. "Sturgeon." D.S.O.

Lt. R. H. M. Hancock, H. M. Subm. "Salmon." D.S.C.

W. Engineer O. F. Lancaster, H.M.S. "Salmon." D.S.C.

I Saw the First Raider Down in England

Renewed air attacks on shipping off the British coast on Saturday, February 3, resulted in the loss of at least three Heinkel bombers. Eye-witnesses who saw two of the German 'planes crash tell their stories here by arrangement with the "Daily Telegraph."

THE first German raider to be brought down in England in the present war crashed near the Yorkshire farmhouse of Mr. P. A. Smales. Two of the crew were killed and two injured.

The machine was first sighted at 9.40 a.m. flying low over the sea, five miles off Whitby. The fighter patrol which gave chase caught the enemy as he tried to climb up to the clouds.

As they swept past, firing bursts at close range, the German rear-gunner fought back, then the Heinkel's starboard engine stopped. Its undercarriage fell down, and the German pilot, his aircraft disabled, began to look for a landing place.

One of the three fighter command pilots who attacked him, on returning to his station, said: "I saw the enemy aircraft crash through a hedge and stop 50 yards from a farmhouse."

Mr. George Jackson, a member of the Whitby Urban Council, was one of the first on the scene. "When I got to the 'plane the rear gunner stumbled out, fell and crawled across the ground," he said.

"I ran to help him, but he seemed to resent my offer. At that moment there were four flashes in various parts of the machine.

"Mr. Smales arrived with bundles of first-aid equipment. There was a repetition of the flashes, and it occurred to me that someone was setting the 'plane on fire."

Mr. H. Steele, the occupant of a nearby cottage, said:

"I saw two or three occupants of the machine rushing in and out of the cockpit as though trying to pull someone out. There was a loud explosion, and I took cover, expecting the machine to blow up. Our fighter machines were overhead all the time."

Miss Ruth Smales said that when the machine came down telephone wires were cut, and the 'plane crashed through a hedge and cut down a large tree.

Mr. Smales, to whose house the injured men were taken, said:

"Although badly shot about the legs, the first thing they asked for was a cigarette. They were supplied, and also with tea. We put them on a mattress in front of the fire and rendered first aid."

Four of the crew of another German bomber were rescued by the trawler "Harlech Castle."

The skipper of the trawler, Thomas Trendall, said:

"We saw the bomber, a big machine, come down in the sea. When it struck the water it floated for a few minutes and five men appeared with their hands above their heads in surrender.

"We hurried towards them, but before we reached the machine it sank and the men were left struggling in the water. They had rubber lifebelts that kept them afloat.

"I got the ship alongside and two of my men got hold of one of them, but he was so heavy in his wet kit that they could not pull him out of the water. We threw them ropes, which they fastened under their arms. Then we rigged tackle and hoisted them out of the water.

"My men got them below, stripped their wet clothes off before the fire, bandaged their wounds and gave them hot drinks. They were all about 23 to 27. They spoke enough English to be able to thank us."

The great frost was even more severe in France than in Britain, but in spite of it the R.A.F. carried on. Here in a snowbound aerodrome a 'plane is starting out on a patrol before dawn. There were 42 degrees of frost at the time and the crew were given an extra ration of rum before starting.

Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright

We Went On a Bombing Raid To Germany

Every week or so brings news of R.A.F. reconnaissance flights over Germany or of bombing raids on military objectives such as Brunsbüttel, Heligoland or Wilhelmshaven. A first-hand account of a typical bombing expedition was given in a broadcast by the Commanding Officer of a Bombing Squadron.

"WE'RE up some hours before dawn," he said, "and have a hurried breakfast before going across to the hangars. The armament people have been hard at work during the night; they have got the job of bombing up the 'planes and loading up with ammunition. Final instructions have to be issued to all crews and there are the usual last-minute jobs to be done. There seem to be a hundred and one things to check up on. It's really a bit of a relief when, finally, one gets in the air and settles down on the course.

"Sixty miles out from the German coast, we get the warning from my rear gunner: 'Fighter on the port beam.' There's another one to starboard, too, both of them a couple of miles away and flying roughly at the same height and speed as we are. One realizes that they're signalling our altitude and speed to the enemy guns. We can now see the line of the coast thirty or forty miles ahead, only a few minutes' flying. We get through with very little fighter opposition, but then, as we get closer to the target, we come under heavy anti-aircraft

I WAS THERE!

fire. The stuff bursts all round. One's surprised to find, the first time, how detached one is about it. Even to the point of being critical of the gunnery.

"The formation opens out and we do a bit of dodging. 'Evasive Action' they call it in the official reports. Now we have spotted our target—it's very small, too, at the height we're flying—and we're making straight for it. The signal for attack is given and the bomb doors are opened.

"The navigator has now become the bomb aimer. He passes correction of course to the pilot, making allowances on his bomb sight for our height and speed and also for the wind. When his sights are on the target—which at the speed we are travelling may be a mile or two ahead of us—he moves over a lever to release his bombs. The other aircraft bomb in sequence and in a predetermined order.

"We've then completed the task we were sent out to do. Now we've got to get back. Bomb doors are closed and throttles opened. The aircraft close up from their open bombing formation to meet the fighters we can see above waiting for us. As soon as we're out of range of the A.A. guns the fun begins. If there's any sun, the fighters will almost certainly have manœuvred to a position where they can make their first attacks with the sun behind them. It's an old dodge, but always a good one.

"On one raid the squadron was in, there must have been about fifty German fighters. They were buzzing about like flies above us. In that particular scrap they made between sixty and seventy separate attacks. These attacks developed in quick succession from both sides and from astern. Bright flashes went streaking past the wings. (These are tracer bullets: rather an attractive sight, I suppose, if they weren't quite so unfriendly.) But despite the fact that we were outnumbered by more than two to one, we more than held our own. The fight lasted over half an hour, with about two enemy attacks a minute.

"Gradually the intensity of the attack dies away. When you no longer hear the sound of your own guns, you know it's probably all over, and this is confirmed when one of the men in my 'plane says: 'Well, that's that, sir. Let's go.'"

The Women 'Carry On' in Bombed Vaasa

Although foreign war correspondents send regular dispatches from the Finnish front, there has not been much news of life "behind the lines" in that sorely tried country. This vivid account of the spirit of the women in a small provincial town comes from Hilde Marchant of the "Daily Express."

VAASA—a small provincial port about the size of Gravesend—has been subjected to mass air raids from the beginning of the war. The most recent still smoulder in its streets.

A Finnish schoolboy who spoke excellent school English took me round. We went to one small four-roomed house that was now just a wood pile. The air raid was a few days ago, but the house was frozen solid and the snow has covered this indecency in a white funeral shroud.

Hosepipes from the fire engines had thrown water over the ruins when they were on fire. That water now hung as a solid curtain of icicles over the ruined chairs and tables. Cushions and curtains, a mattress and a woman's coat were frozen to the ground.

Workmen were chipping out the carpet. It came away with the floorboards.

Everything was smashed, but in a ludicrous way there was a calendar cemented by ice to the wall with the day of the raid commemorated.

I asked about the inhabitants of this destroyed house.

"Inquire next door," the workmen said. A woman answered the door, with a child under her skirts. She was the former inhabitant of the ruined house. Fortunately, her neighbours were good friends and had offered her their home.

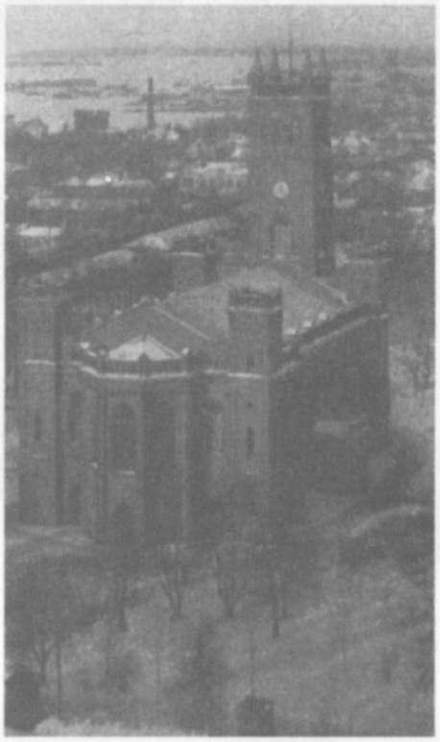
During the raid that had destroyed everything she believed in, she was in a shelter with her small daughter. She was casual about the disaster, in a severe way that reminded me of Scottish humour.

I asked her what she was going to do.

"Well," she asked me, "what do you do when your house is destroyed? You build another when the war is over. Your husband comes back from the front, and your home is complete again."

As we went through the town in the early morning the streets were deserted and the silence was heavy and monotonous.

There was only one persistent sound, like a woodpecker tapping. It came from the workmen who were boarding off a ruined house. Opposite were men



Here, in peacetime, is the Finnish town of Vaasa, seen from the Watch Tower, with the church of St. Michael in the foreground. In 1918 Vaasa was for a short time the capital.

Vaasa today presents a very different appearance from that in the top photograph. Continuous bombing by Soviet aircraft has caused great fires, besides wrecking many buildings outright. This photograph was taken in one of the suburbs where three fires are visible, and the same scene was repeated many times over throughout the town.

Photos, E.N.A.

I WAS THERE!

Three seamen of the "Ajax," left, grew beards on their way home; but only sweethearts and wives will decide whether they are to be retained. Right, Leonard Pitman, one of the 200 leave men from the "Ajax," who arrived in London on January 3, receives an embarrassingly warm welcome home. The men, left, still have their ship's name on their cap ribbons, but before going on leave they will substitute the ribbon bearing only the letters H.M.S., such as Able Seaman Pitman wears.

Photos, Central Press and G.P.U.

working on a new block of stone flats. These, they said, would not be so easy to bomb. As we walked along the streets were still deserted. At one corner two cars had crashed, and there was a fine argument going on about it.

How two cars managed to crash on a completely deserted road goodness only knows, but there were witnesses on both sides. Then they explained why the streets were deserted. Every one keeps indoors until three o'clock in the afternoon. The air raids are all in the morning, so no one goes out. It is just a matter of organization.

At three o'clock there was a scramble around the market-place to do their shopping. The women came rushing along the streets on small pushcarts that are fitted with skis. They were piling them up with parcels, then going home before the blackout began at four o'clock.

Their conversation was casual. They were talking about incidental domestic things. It was a clear day, but heavy snow clouds hid the balloon barrage. And, of course, there was the cinema that was showing Sylvia Sidney.

That is the astonishing thing. Mass air raids have not disturbed the small, beloved pleasures they enjoyed in peacetime. Sheltering in air-raid shelters in the mornings is a grim thing, but being afraid or hysterical won't help the front line. So the life of this small provincial town, which has a great black scar across its face, clings to its peacetime routine.

When I arrived it was market day, and there were great pieces of meat stacked up on sledges around a statue of Liberty. The statue is boarded up, but as my Finnish schoolboy said, you only board up its shape. It is now just a cone of white wood.

Underneath it the women of Vaasa are buying meat for dinner—each piece enough for a feast.

The town has no sandbags, and the shape of the houses is indistinct, because the snow rounds off the roofs and blends with the snow in the gardens.

There are holes for the windows and holes for the doors, and inside the women live a warm, comfortable life.

I realized after a few hours in the town that I had not seen a young man. The town has been drained of its menfolk, and there was a notice on the town hall calling up the forties.

The lifeblood of the country is pouring into the front line. Behind it are the women, who watch their houses burn and know they have a good neighbour who will take them in. . . .

We Didn't Bother About the 'Graf Spee'

Accounts of the Battle of the River Plate by British prisoners on board the "Admiral Graf Spee" were given in page 541, but the first eye-witness stories by participants in the action were told when the "Ajax" returned to Plymouth on January 31. The following account is reprinted by arrangement with "The Times."

An officer of the "Ajax" explained that before the action it was not definitely known that the "Admiral Graf Spee" was in those waters, but it had been calculated that if she was heading for South America she would be somewhere in their proximity about 150 miles from the coast just about that time. The calculations proved remarkably accurate, and she was sighted about 6 o'clock on the morning of December 13.

"The 'Exeter' was about one and a half miles away from us at the time," he said, "and the 'Achilles' was also within close range. We thought at the time that the 'Graf Spee' probably first spotted the top of the tall masts of the 'Exeter' and assumed that there was only one cruiser to tackle. She soon found, however, that there were three of us, and she opened fire simultaneously on the 'Exeter' and ourselves. But within a few minutes she began to concentrate her main armament of 11-inch guns on the 'Exeter,' and with these her firing at first was extremely accurate. Meanwhile, she turned her secondary armament of four 5·9 guns on us, but with those she was not so accurate. Occasionally she turned on us with salvoes from the heavy guns, but generally she reserved these for the 'Exeter,' and it was a regular dog fight.

"The 'Exeter' dropped out of the action after 50 minutes and it was not for another 31 minutes that the action was broken off. All the time the 'Graf Spee,' which was using a smoke screen continuously, was trying to get away, but we were a little faster and gradually we closed the distance between us. As soon as the 'Exeter' dropped out of the action the 'Graf Spee' concentrated on us, but with the 'Achilles' we closed in at breakneck speed at a range of 9,000 yards. We fired four torpedoes and the 'Exeter' had previously fired six. The 'Graf Spee' also fired four at us, but all 14 missed their mark. As soon as the 'Graf Spee' saw our torpedoes she altered course 150 degrees, and that was the beginning of the chase.

"We continued to shadow her all day until she ran into Montevideo at 10 o'clock at night. During the action our one aircraft did some valuable spotting work, but she did not attack the 'Admiral Graf Spee.' She is, in fact, only a spotting machine. Once she went near the 'Admiral Graf Spee' and got some shrapnel through her wing, but she still carried on with her job."

The officer went on to explain that while they were waiting outside Montevideo they were told the 'Admiral Graf

I WAS THERE!

Spee' was preparing to leave, and the members of the crew of the 'Ajax' seemed desperately keen to have another crack at her."

Able-Seaman Lancelot Jacques, aged 19, one of the youngest of the "Ajax" company, said that when they knew they were up against the "Admiral Graf Spee" "we didn't bother at all," and he added that during a lull in the action two members of his gun's crew played mouth organs.

Another seaman, who was wounded in the leg, also said that while he was standing by an anti-aircraft gun, which did not need to go into action, the members of his crew sang "Roll out the Barrel" and other popular songs while shells dropped in the sea around them.

Here "The Plate 1939" is being added to the medallion which H.M.S. "Ajax" carries, giving the proud record of ships of her name in the Royal Navy from the battle of St. Vincent to Jutland. The ships that fought against the "Graf Spee" are the first to win such a distinction in this war.

German Bombers Gave Us No Rest

In the series of raids on February 3, in which three German bombers were brought down, at least eight ships were bombed and machine-gunned and two were sunk—the British steamer "Kildale" and the Norwegian "Tempo." Stories of survivors from some of the attacked ships are here reprinted from the "Daily Telegraph."

SIX of the crew of the Whitby steamer "Kildale" lost their lives when she was attacked and sunk in the North Sea. Fifteen survivors were landed at an East Coast port.

The vessel was attacked by two German bombers which swept the decks with machine-gun fire. They also dropped bombs which caused the deaths of three of the engine-room staff. The vessel sent out distress signals. The bombers then made off.

Seaman Williams, describing the attack, said:

"The Germans gave us no rest for forty minutes or more. First one and then the other came at us with bombs and machine-gun fire. We could not get a boat out to escape, because every time we attempted it they machine-gunned us. It was murder."

The Glasgow collier "Yewdale" was about a mile from the coast when two enemy 'planes circled over her.

Machine-gun fire smashed the windows of the wheelhouse and killed the skipper, Capt. W. R. Taylor, of Liverpool.

Between 30 and 60 bombs were aimed at the Grimsby steam trawler "Rose of England," but no one was badly injured and the vessel suffered little damage.

The crew spoke glowingly of the conduct of their skipper, Capt. C. Bruce, of Grimsby.

"He stood at the wheel throughout a long period of bombing and machine-gunning, and did not leave the bridge until he brought his vessel into port," said one of the crew. "There were four German aeroplanes attacking us, one after the other, and they must have dropped thirty bombs in all.

"One bomb which dropped astern nearly lifted us out of the water, but three which hit us seemed to have no real kick in them. One fell on the deck, breaking the steering-gear, another glanced off the skylight of the galley, and another landed on the bridge right in front of the wheelhouse."

The master of the steamer "Harley," Capt. Edward Willey, of London, said:

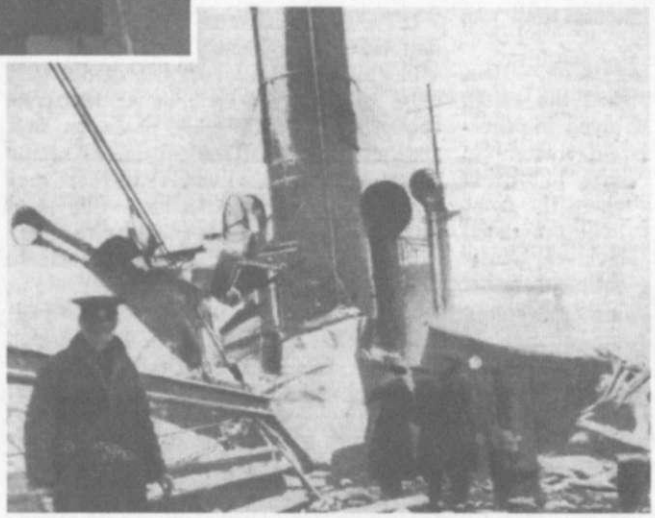
"We were attacked by a German bomber, which gunned the bow of the ship and then dropped a bomb ahead of us.

"We took to our boat, and were five hours pulling against the tide, and suddenly we saw a British 'plane circle overhead. Presently another British 'plane, a fighter this time, came up, and it, too, circled round us and then went away. The other 'plane then went towards the shore and came back, and later a fishing boat came in sight guided by the 'plane."

The crew of the "Harley" seemed to consider that the German 'plane behaved well towards them, as after it had machine-gunned the bow, which seemed to be a signal to abandon ship, it waited and then dropped a bomb ahead.

It then gave them time to get their lifeboat out and pull away from the ship before it returned and bombed it a second time.

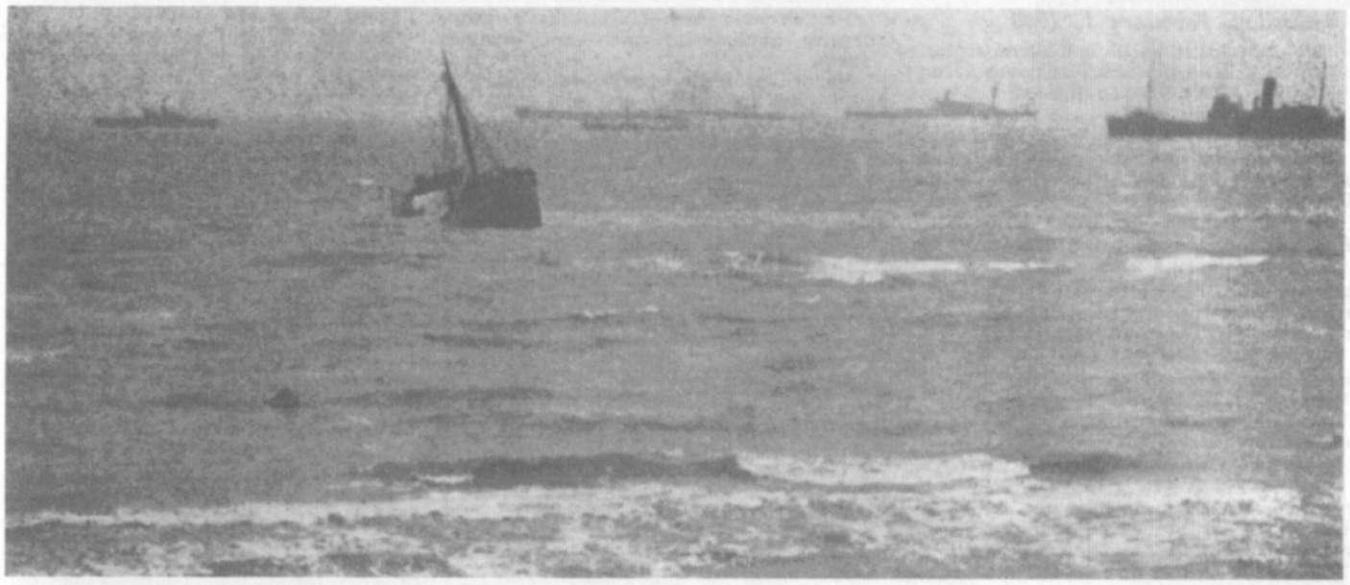
A wounded member of the crew of the collier "Yewdale" is being carried ashore by ambulance men and a policeman after she had struggled home.



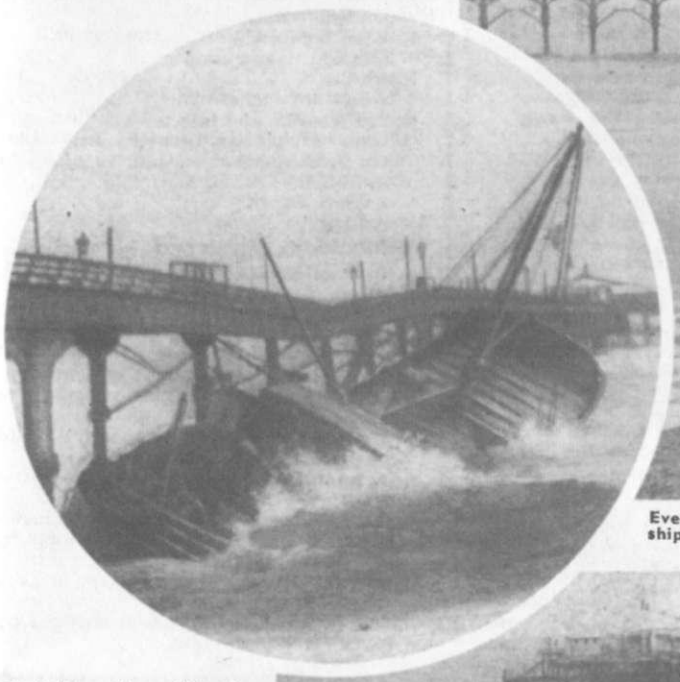
Here is the superstructure of the Newcastle steamer "Royal Crown" (14,364 tons) after she had been bombed by Nazi aircraft and eventually beached on the East Coast. Four of her crew were killed and seven others drowned as they tried to get ashore in one of the lifeboats.

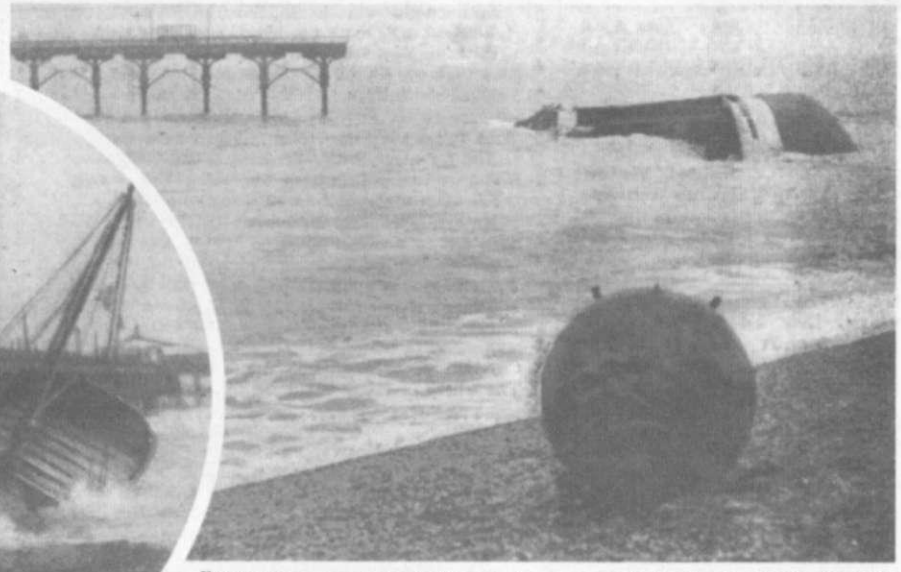
Photos, Planet News.

Mined Herself, She Smashed An English Pier



The Dutch motor ship "Nora," 350 tons, was struck by a mine while lying at anchor off the south-east coast of England on January 29.





Eventually a gap of about 100 yards long was made in the pier by the derelict ship, and she was washed through it towards the beach. The mine seen in the foreground drifted ashore and was destroyed.

Carried by a strong tide, the little vessel eventually collided with the pleasure pier of a seaside town. A heavy swell caused her to pound against the pier, with disastrous results to the ship, but the crew were saved. Another loose mine is in the foreground of the top photograph.

Photos, Topical, Associated Press, Keystone and "Daily Mirror"

Right is the last phase of the "Nora's" tragic end. At low tide she lay on her beam a hopeless wreck. She was one of the little Dutch motor vessels such as are often to be seen on the lower reaches of the Thames.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Thursday, February 1, 1940

Reported that battle in Kuhmo sector of Central Finland, in which Finns were attempting to encircle a Russian division, was reaching critical stage.

Russian forces said to be entrenching themselves on front north of Lake Ladoga.

Soviet troops launched a **violent attack at Summa,** in centre of Mannerheim Line in Karelian Isthmus.

Russian 'planes bombed Rovaniemi and Kemi, on Lapland front.

Announced that both **British** and American aircraft had reached **Finland** and been in use for past fortnight.

Balkan Entente Conference opened in Belgrade, Foreign Ministers of Turkey, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Greece meeting to discuss questions of Balkan policy.

Reported that Greek cargo ship "Eleni Statathos" had been sunk by U-boat on Jan. 28, and British steamer "Bancrest" by enemy air attack on Jan. 29 or 30.

Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund reached over £1,000,000.

Friday, February 2

Russians continued **violent attacks on Karelian Isthmus,** using armoured sledges pushed forward by tanks. Their advance was repulsed after heavy fighting.

Helsinki announced that at least **five enemy machines were shot down** in the Isthmus.

Twenty places bombed in Southern Finland, including Helsinki and Sortavala.

British tanker "British Councillor" sunk by enemy action in North Sea.

Reported that on Jan. 31 Danish steamer "Vidar" had been sunk by bombing, and Swedish steamer "Fram" by mine or torpedo.

Announced that the whole of the crews of submarines "Starfish" and "Undine," sunk in January in Heligoland Bight were prisoners of war in Germany. No survivors of "Seahorse" so far reported.

Saturday, February 3

German aircraft made further raids on unarmed vessels in North Sea. **R.A.F.** machines made contact on several occasions, **shot down three raiders** and disabled a fourth. One crashed in Yorkshire, another in sea off mouth of Tyne.

Fighting was intense at Summa in Karelian Isthmus, this being third day of new Russian offensive. Four fierce attacks repulsed by Finns.

Army communiqué stated that Finns had brought down at least 13 'planes over Isthmus.

Mass Soviet raids in Finland, the worst being at Kuopio. Attack went as far west as Pori, on Bothnian coast.

Norwegian ship "Tempo" sunk by bombing off North-east Coast.

New Anglo-Turkish trade agreement signed in London.

Sunday, February 4

Helsinki stated that Russians had attacked positions newly occupied by Finns in Kuhmo sector, but had been repulsed.

North of Lake Ladoga enemy forces were almost all entrenched.

Finnish communiqué claimed that 11 **more enemy aeroplanes** had been **brought down.**

Viipuri suffered severe bombing raids, with some loss of life and much material damage. Other attacks were made at Ekenaes, Aabo and Rovaniemi.

First British airman—Flight-Lt. R. V. Jeff—to be decorated by the French, **awarded Croix de Guerre** by Gen. Vuillemin.

Reported that British ship "Polzella" and Norwegian steamer "Varild" were both overdue and must be considered lost.

Meeting of Balkan Entente at Belgrade ended with declaration of the four States to maintain solidarity of S.E. Europe in spirit of "regional neutrality."

Reported that German arms were being sent by sea to Russian forces at Petsamo and Murmansk.

Monday, February 5

Russians stated to have got nearer to Mannerheim defences and to be now 19 miles from Viipuri.

Finns reported to have **gained another big victory** in course of which Russian 18th Division, operating north-east of Lake Ladoga, was almost annihilated.

Russian air raids continued; objectives included churches and ambulances. Island monastery of Valamo, on Lake Ladoga, bombed and set on fire.

Admiralty announced that **H.M. minesweeper "Sphinx" foundered** after being damaged by enemy air attacks on Feb. 3.

Reported that Canadian-Pacific liner "Beaverburn" had been sunk by U-boat in Atlantic.

British steamer "Portelet" reported mined in North Sea.

Stockholm announced that Swedish steamer "Andalusia" was overdue and was feared lost.

Fifth and largest meeting of Supreme War Council took place in Paris.

M. Pampinchi, French Minister of Marine, stated that 40 of Germany's 55 submarines at sea in September had been sunk.

Tuesday, February 6

Finnish Army Command stated that new attacks by large Russian forces and tanks in Summa sector of Mannerheim Line were repulsed after 16 hours of fighting.

Reported that Russian parachute troops had been dropped behind Finnish lines both on Isthmus and at Rovaniemi, in Lapland, but were either killed or taken prisoner.

Swedish steamer "Wirgo" sunk by Russian bombers.

Estonian cargo ship "Anu" mined in North Sea.

Norwegian motor-ship "Segovia" reported overdue and feared lost.

Notes exchanged between Britain and Japan, over removal on Jan. 21 of 21 Germans from the "Asama Maru," were published as a White Paper.

Wednesday, February 7

Russian attacks in Summa sector on Karelian Isthmus **continued unabated,** wave after wave of troops and tanks being flung against Finnish lines. Stated that all attacks had been repulsed.

Fierce fighting continued north-east of Lake Ladoga.

Russian troops still holding out in Salla sector in North Finland.

Stated that **every town in Finland had now been bombed** by Russian 'planes.

Eire motor-ship "Munster" sank after striking a mine in Irish Sea.

Reported that British steamer "Armanistan" had been sunk without warning by U-boat on February 3 off Lisbon.

The King made a tour of military units in the West Country.

Part of a pier on East Coast wrecked by explosion of German mine.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XVIII

NEITHER WILL THEY CONDEMN

By E. A. Gibbons-Pole

Cold were the furnace fires—silent the guns,
Death's wings were clipp'd, armed sail at anchor rode,
The Nations welcomed home—or mourned lost sons;
Stiff-backed, each bent to reap what he had sowed;
With zeal, but unskilled hands, they undertook
To forge the plowshare and the pruning-hook.

God knows, those hands still trembled from the fight,
And tongues were harsh, their hearts unshrived of hate
(Like Saul, still Saul, yet blinded by the light).
With map and pen they settled Europe's fate;
As stumbling travellers, lost in teeming sand,
Mistake the mirage for the Promised Land.

That Peace they strove for fades into the past,
And Calvary—from Olivet to Menin Gate—
Sees those same countries, like some theatre vast,
Set for a bloodier scene of war and hate!
If we break faith, break faith with them that died,
Say that *we* dealt in truth—whilst others lied!

The choice was not with us—our hands are clean,
Though steeped in blood and tempered to the fight,
Those million dead shall march again unseen
With us in darkness, struggling towards the light.
Children we bore, quit ye like men of iron.
The whelp of Peace is turned into a lion.

It Is Said That . . .

Madrid newspaper has opened a fund to send wine to the Finnish armies.

Greta Garbo has given £1,250 to the Swedish fund in aid of Finland.

"Hitler's threats have lost their power to make the world's flesh creep." (New York Times.)

"German propaganda has become a laughing-stock throughout the neutral world." (Mr. J. A. Spender.)

By January 1941 the total strength of all Services within the Empire may be over 5,000,000.

"Russia's Blitzkrieg against Finland is beginning to look like a Five Year Plan." (New York Times.)

R.A.F. 'planes given the duty of guarding herring fleets have been nicknamed "Kipper Kites."

In many German houses heating is confined to one room owing to shortage of fuel.

Nazis are confiscating all wireless sets in Polish territory except those owned by Germans.

Messerschmitt 'plane, brought down in France, was exhibited in Paris in aid of French Air Force charities.

Black-out drivers of Berlin's public services are to be given two weeks' holiday with all expenses paid.

An exhibition of contemporary German art is to be held this year in Munich—by Hitler's order.

German engines and other units used for instruction purposes at the Uruguayan Technical College are to be replaced by British products.